THE LIVING AGE

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for February, 1934

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

THE opening paragraphs of this month's 'World Over' contain a new feature, which will be continued and perhaps extended if our readers like the idea. Several articles in every issue of THE LIVING AGE have implications for the United States, but since these articles are written for foreign consumption their American implications are rarely mentioned. This month, for instance, Arthur Kitson's 'The Bankers' Conspiracy' explains the real aim of President Roosevelt's currency and credit policies. And Max Rudert's 'The Yellow Trade Menace' indicates that although England has protested 'Japanese dumping' more vigorously than any other nation, America may be even more seriously affected by it.

DRIEU LA ROCHELLE is one of the influential French writers of the post-war generation. He made his début as a novelist, his first book—reviewed in THE LIVING AGE in 1925—having the characteristic title *L'Homme couvert de femmes*. But Drieu, as he is familiarly called, has lately been showing more interest in politics and economics than in sex, and his analysis of the war danger in Europe covers a great deal of ground in a small space. He anticipates either a struggle between Fascism and Communism or a possible three-cornered fight between Fascism, Communism, and Democracy. The states bordering on Russia will surely go Communist; France may support the Russian cause at first, but will ultimately turn Fascist. In common with our own editor, Drieu la Rochelle believes that the next war in Europe will merely be the tailpiece to an earlier and greater explosion in eastern Asia.

TWO and three years ago the 'Red Trade Menace' had all our best exporters by the ears; to-day it is Japanese competition they fear. Max Rudert's article does its best to make their blood run cold, but as he draws to a close he points out that Japan must import so many raw materials that she cannot long remain a formidable economic power. The danger is that when the present export drive begins to lag, a military adventure may be the next step.

BUT Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi, brother of the founder of the Pan-Europa movement, assures us that Japan will keep the peace. As the son of an Austrian father and a Japanese mother, both of whom are members of the nobility in their respective countries, he is well qualified to serve as an interpreter between East and West. No wonder the Japanese diplomatic service has taken him into its employ.

ARTHUR KITSON is the original engineer-economist who was practising engineering and writing on economics before Howard Scott, Bassett Jones, or Major C. H. Douglas had been heard of. He came to the United States from his native England in the 1880's, and his first book, *A Scientific Solution of the Money Question*, received widespread attention when it was published here in 1893. His system of lighting, known the world over as the 'Kitson Light,' gave employment at one time to fifty thousand workingmen, and Kitson Lighting Companies were formed in thirty-five different countries. He was associated with the Edison, Brush, and Maxim Companies in the United States, served as President of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia for ten years, and campaigned for Bryan in 1896. Twelve years before that he organized, financed, and performed in the first May Musical Festival held in the state of Iowa. His article in this issue was written less than a year ago as a foreword to a new edition of *The Bankers' Conspiracy*, a booklet containing his dictated report on the Cunliffe

(*Continued on page 558*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

THESE OPENING PARAGRAPHS of the magazine have repeatedly pointed out that the same controversy between inflationists and advocates of the gold standard is going on in both the United States and Great Britain. On one side of the Atlantic, the Roosevelt Administration experiments with currency expansion while Al Smith and Professor Sprague prophesy disaster. On the other, the British National Government clings to Montagu Norman's principles of orthodox finance while currency reformers like Arthur Kitson—whose article on 'The Bankers' Conspiracy' appears elsewhere in this issue—demand scrapping the gold standard completely. Nor do the inflationists confine their attacks to gold. For the past forty years Mr. Kitson has demanded that the monopoly of credit be removed from the hands of bankers and be placed under national control.

Whether or not Mr. Roosevelt has actually read any of Mr. Kitson's books, his declarations of currency and credit policy coincide closely with Mr. Kitson's theories. The President's reiterated demand for a currency unit with fixed purchasing power and his repeated assaults on the banking fraternity indicate a determination to do away with the classic gold standard and to provide the people with more adequate credit as well as more adequate currency. To grasp Mr. Kitson's ideas is therefore to understand Mr. Roosevelt's actions.

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Mr. Kitson holds the bankers and their system solely responsible for the world-wide depression. So, apparently, does Mr. Roosevelt—witness his willful abandonment of the gold standard, his support of Pecora during the Morgan investigation, his repudiation of the World Economic Conference, his cold reception of Montagu Norman, his appointment of Morgenthau to the Treasury, not to mention his innumerable public statements, one of which Mr. Kitson quotes with the highest approval as evidence that he and the President see eye to eye. But there is an item in our 'As Others See Us' department that suggests that they may not see very far. A correspondent of the London *Economist*, lately returned from the United States, reports that the efforts of the New Deal to shatter the dictatorship of the big bankers seem likely to establish a dictatorship of big industrialists instead. That, however, is another story.

Just as the Kitson article throws light on American domestic policy, so Max Rudert's 'The Yellow Trade Menace' illuminates American foreign policy. Throughout the past year the British press has devoted more and more space to Japan's export campaign, and a recent issue of the London *Times Trade and Engineering Supplement* contains some interesting facts in this connection: Japanese exports to the Dutch East Indies exceed those of Holland itself, Japan now stands second to the United States in rayon production, beer exports doubled during 1933, and exports to India of canvas shoes with rubber soles rose from 33,000 pairs in 1928 to over six million pairs in 1932. And when the West Indies slapped a tariff on similar shoes, the Japanese promptly substituted leather for canvas uppers to escape payment of duty and continued to monopolize the market.

But Max Rudert's article does more than bring out such facts as these. It also indicates that Japan's export hunger may prove even more dangerous to America than to Great Britain. Although the United States exports but 10 per cent of its total production, whereas England exports 30 per cent, the volume of American exports slightly exceeds the volume of British exports. And since the British Dominions and Colonies accord to British goods tariff privileges such as no American exporter receives from his over-sea clients, the United States may suffer even more seriously than England from Japanese competition.

GREAT BRITAIN faces 1934 with greater confidence than any other major Power except Russia. Throughout the past year unemployment has steadily declined, trade has increased, and Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, promises a surplus in the budget, thanks in large measure to a saving of $200,000,000 on war debt payments to America. Nevertheless, Hector Bywater, the foremost naval authority in the country, points with alarm to Britain's lost prestige at sea:—

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Fifteen years ago we were by a very substantial margin the leading naval Power. At the time of its dispersion in 1919 the Grand Fleet overshadowed the combined fleets of the Allied and Associated Powers.

To-day the British Fleet occupies secondary rank in combatant strength, and in the judgment of our most experienced naval officers is quite inadequate to perform its principal mission of safeguarding the Empire's communications in time of war. Moreover, our Admiralty is so manacled by treaty restrictions that it is not even allowed to build ships equal in tonnage and armament to those constructed by foreign nations.

Turning to mercantile shipping, we find an outlook no less bleak. Before the war we owned over 43 per cent of the world's commercial tonnage. Now we own only 29 per cent. Our tramp tonnage—the backbone of national shipping—has decreased by 50 per cent.

In the last two years the net tonnage of British ships entering and leaving United Kingdom ports with cargo has declined by 6,000,000 tons, while the tonnage of foreign ships entering and clearing from these ports has risen by nearly 4,000,000 tons. When the full significance of those figures has been digested, no surprise will be felt at the appalling statistics of unemployment in the shipping, shipbuilding, and affiliated trades.

Fortunately, this inferiority is to be corrected. The British Admiralty regretfully announced its decision to build large cruisers, and the government plans to subsidize tramp shipping and to help finance the building of the huge Cunard liner that hopes to win back the 'blue ribbon' of the Atlantic. Mr. Bywater therefore reaches this cheerful conclusion:—

Never was our voice in the council of nations so strong and so compelling as when it was backed by a supreme navy and an unassailable economic position, of which shipping was the keystone.

WITH EXPORTS of Japanese textiles running ahead of British textile exports for the first time in history, England has every reason to prepare for struggle. But with delicious hypocrisy this struggle is at once raised from the sordid level of economics into the higher sphere of morality. Robert Machray, writing in the Conservative *Saturday Review*, characterizes the Japanese trade offensive as follows:—

There can really be no dispute about the far-reaching range of that offensive or of its disastrous effects on British trade, but it remains to be added that Japanese action does not carry with it anything like clean, honest, legitimate competition. Japan is not playing the game. We have the right to emphasize the unequal working conditions in Japan, the intentional depreciation and constant manipulation of Japanese currency, the state subsidies to Japanese shipping, and—what is particularly mean and altogether sinister—the fraudulent imitation of designs and trade marks.

In other words, Great Britain opposes Japanese dumping not in order to protect her own industries but in order to improve the condition of the Japanese workingman, to raise the value of the yen, to free Japanese

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taxpayers from having to support a merchant marine, and to uphold the sanctity of the trade mark.

TO REMEMBER that in May, 1932, the French politicians subsidized by the Comité des Forges lost control of the Chamber of Deputies to the Socialists, Radicals, and Radical Socialists is to understand the foreign policy of France to-day. If Hitler, the hireling of the German steel trust, had been able to deal with a Tardieu or a Laval government in Paris, France and Germany would probably have composed their differences. Indeed, as long as Hitler could confine himself to conversations with the French Ambassador, François-Poncet, a former employee of the Comité des Forges, the two countries seemed likely to reach an agreement. The coal and ore producers of Lorraine and the Ruhr have long wanted to pool their resources and their spokesmen have advocated an anti-Russian military alliance between France, Poland, and a rearmed Germany. But the French cabinets headed by Herriot, Daladier, and Chautemps have preferred the Soviet Union to the Rhineland industrialists.

SOME MONTHS AGO we made the guarded prophecy that the Hitler régime would undergo a shake-up this winter. Already our forecast has been at least partially borne out by the eclipse of General Göring and the rise of Captain Röhm, chief organizer of the Storm Troops. The plan to abolish the Federal States and make Germany the most highly centralized nation in the world means the disappearance of Göring as Premier and Home Secretary of Prussia. Power will be concentrated in the hands of Hitler, Goebbels and Röhm, who now stands second in command to the *Führer* himself. Dr. Frick, Home Secretary of the Reich, also has developed into a major figure and will replace Göring not only as head of the Prussian State Police, but as head of all the police in Germany, including the Nazi Secret Police or 'Gestapo.'

Here he will have his hands full to judge from a report of German underground activity in the Laborite *Daily Herald* of London:—

> Every ingenious method is used to spread 'seditious' literature, which is either printed secretly on hidden presses 'somewhere in Germany,' or adroitly smuggled from abroad. Leaflets find their way mysteriously between the sheets of Nazi newspapers. They are found in the directories in telephone booths. They suddenly flutter in hundreds from above into a street. Illegal newspapers get somehow into circulation, are passed eagerly from hand to hand. 'Seditious' inscriptions in paint or tar, desperately hard to remove, appear mysteriously on walls and pavements.
>
> Communist slogans are found punched on coins or rubber-stamped in the most unexpected places. Try as they may, a harassed secret police cannot stop the stream of propaganda or track it to its source. And there is fertile ground for the seed of revolt. Discontent grows apace, as the fine promises of Nazi demagogy

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remain unfulfilled. The Storm Troops are becoming admittedly unreliable. They are suspected of contributing their own share to the agitation against the régime.

Lest the *Daily Herald* be thought biased because it supports the Labor Party in England, it is worth recalling that the same paper prophesied the recent fluctuations in Dawes and Young loan bonds and Dr. Schacht's decision to reduce still further Germany's interest payments on other foreign obligations. In our November issue we quoted the *Daily Herald's* accusation that Montagu Norman was supporting Dr. Schacht, thus causing the Young loan bonds to rise from 44 pounds to 62 pounds and the Dawes loan bonds to rise from 68 pounds to 84 pounds between late September and early December. The day after Dr. Schacht announced the interest cut on other German bonds held abroad the Dawes bonds fell three pounds and the Young bonds four pounds.

TO JUDGE from reports of German rearmament accumulated by the French military authorities and made public by the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, the Third Reich will become a real first-class power within a year or two. It is now estimated that 1,345,000 German troops drawn from the three following groups could take the field at short notice: Reichswehr, 165,000; Time-expired Reichswehr, 100,000; Police, 80,000; Storm Troops and Steel Helmets, 1,000,000. And these figures do not include 1,300,000 ex-service men and 500,000 youths who are receiving military training in labor camps. If modern armies depended solely on man-power, France would therefore have reason to fear Germany by the end of 1934, for apart from men who have received but six months' training, the French Army in 1932 numbered only 428,000 men, including conscripts in training, professional soldiers, gendarmes, North African troops, colonial troops, and the Foreign Legion. Even Great Britain is better protected, with a professional army of 200,000, Indian troops of about 140,000, no domestic land frontier to guard, and the largest navy in the world.

But what France fears most is the development of Germany's heavy artillery and air force. Trench mortar sections, forbidden by the Versailles Treaty, have been added to both the infantry and the cavalry, and although dummy barrels are used in the manœuvres real barrels are kept in hiding. German imports of cotton, copper, nickel, manganese, iron, and aluminum have doubled and trebled, and the shares of industries specializing in war materials have risen fifty and one hundred per cent during the past year. The French believe that German commercial planes could easily be turned into bombers and that pilots are being trained to fly them. Most important of all, the German budget for 1933 shows a total of a billion and a quarter marks for military expenditures,

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slightly more than half as much as the French have been spending. That the German General Staff, remembering the defeat of 1914, would recommend war with France under present circumstances must be ruled out of serious consideration. The military preparations of the Third Reich merely indicate that Germany is coming up in the world.

ONE MONTH after the Fascist Grand Council had announced that unless the League of Nations were reformed Italy would get out, Mussolini agreed with Foreign Secretary Simon of Great Britain that the League must not be tampered with until an international understanding on disarmament has been reached. Thus Italy again pays lip-service to the revisionist group of powers,—Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Hungary,—but in a show-down lines up with the supporters of the status quo —France, England, Poland, and the Little Entente. What is the meaning of this apparent duplicity? On the one hand, Mussolini believes that frontier revision and German rearmament cannot be postponed forever; on the other, Italy's geographic position places the country at the mercy of France and England. The essence of Italian foreign policy is therefore to do everything possible to hasten the inevitable day of reckoning without giving offense to both France and England, especially England. For the British Navy and the British guns at Gibraltar make Italy completely dependent on the good will of England and prevent Mussolini from pursuing an independent foreign policy. At the same time Mussolini perceives more clearly than any French or British statesman that Germany will soon become a first-rate power again and that the present alignment in the Balkans cannot last indefinitely. In short, time is working with Italy, and if Mussolini continues to identify himself with the growing forces of dissatisfaction his country will some day reap the reward of a wider field of influence in southeastern Europe.

IN THE ELECTIONS that occurred shortly before Premier Duca of Rumania was assassinated by members of the Nazi Iron Guard, his Liberal supporters gained 301 parliamentary seats out of a total of 387, having held but 28 seats in the previous parliament, whereas Maniu's National Peasant Party dropped from 272 seats to 29. But the Rumanian Liberal Party is liberal in name only. Its leading figures, the Bratianu brothers and Foreign Minister Titulescu, have always been devoted supporters of France, the Little Entente, and the feudal aristocracy. The assassination of Duca therefore expressed the hostility of the pro-German elements—King Carol is himself a Hohenzollern—to the anti-German, anti-Hungarian foreign policy that Rumania has followed since the War. Another impulse behind the Nazi movement in Rumania is fear of labor unrest, which has been increasing throughout the past year. Just

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as the property interests in Germany transferred their support from the Weimar Republic to the Third Reich in order to prevent their wealth from being socialized, so in Rumania similar interests are presumably supporting Fascism. There is no more chance of a Communist revolution in Rumania to-day than there was in Germany a year ago, and even the Fascist Iron Guard has a long way to travel before it attains complete power. But in the light of what has been happening in Austria and Hungary as well as in Germany, it would be idle to ignore the likelihood that a Fascist dictatorship friendly to both Germany and Italy will be established in Rumania during 1934.

THE VICTORY of the conservative parties in Spain is likely to put the new régime in the same position as its more liberal predecessor. When the Republican Azaña allied himself with the Socialists, he lost the support of the democratic liberals who turned conservative because they wanted a bourgeois Republic like that of France and not a Socialist dictatorship. To-day various conservative groups including Monarchists, Fascists, and Republicans find themselves in a similar quandary. Primo de Rivera wants to dispense with the Cortes entirely, the Monarchists want Don Alfonso's third son, Don Juan, to return to the throne, the Roman Catholics will gladly support a friendly Republican régime, and the conservative Republicans oppose the Monarchy on the ground that it has proved itself incompetent and unpopular. While the parties of the right jockey for position, the parties of the left demand more drastic action. Largo Caballero, the Socialist leader who is known as the 'Spanish Lenin,' has already called for 'a social revolution' and 'blood in the streets' but did not join the Communists in coöperating with the recent Anarchist uprisings. The chances are, however, that he will finally ally himself with the Anarchists, thus producing a swing to the right on the part of the government and making a Fascist dictatorship more likely.

THE EFFORTS of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation and of Pan-American Airways to make China 'air-conscious' explain in some measure the recent fighting in the province of Fukien. The *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai describes the economic background of the Fukien revolt and the expansion of Chinese aviation as follows:—

> Whereas Shanghai is a foreign-dominated city from which foreign capital draws a stream of profit, the coastal cities from Foochow southward show exactly the reverse. Citizens of these areas have big investments overseas—in the South Seas, the Philippines, the United States—from which profit flows into China. In Shanghai, foreign investments draw profit from China. In Fukien and Kwangtung profit is drawn in from Chinese investments abroad. Shanghai, like North China, is a 'debtor' area. South China is a 'creditor' area, dependent in a considerable degree on its investments overseas.

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> It is this association with overseas economy and independence of foreign capital that has been largely responsible for the more emphatic nationalism and 'radicalism' of the South, which was the birthplace of the Chinese Revolution and of revolutionary nationalism and is to-day the centre of the first clear-cut revolt against Japanese domination of China. It is clear that for any national policy expressing the aspirations of China as a whole these independent 'creditor' areas must be brought together with the dependent 'debtor' areas of China, which, in turn, must be linked up with the less developed interior. And air lines are doing this linking in a way that no other form of communication could achieve.

A YEAR AGO the foreign press was filled with prophecies of war in Europe during the summer of 1933. To-day there are similar prophecies of war between Russia and Japan in the summer of 1934. Is this year's war scare as unjustified as last year's was? Not quite. A leading article in the *Week-end Review* of London analyzes Japan's motives for such a war:—

> If Japan makes war against Russia in the near future the decisive motive will be neither the economic nor the military interest but the intolerable tension in the home policies of Japan itself. The governing class of Japan, with its characteristic mixture of aristocratic and capitalistic elements, must defend itself against the aggression of a revolutionary movement that is not very clear in its aims and composed of wholly different factions, but that has, nevertheless, a very strong power in assailing the conservative system of state and society. Among the revolutionary men of Japan we find ethical idealists and fierce terrorists, Socialists of the European sort and military nationalists of a pure Japanese pattern. But they all are ardent foes of the governing oligarchy and ready for every sacrifice.
>
> The revolutionary group that is the most perilous for the government is to be found among the secret societies of young officers. Their ends are the social emancipation of the poor people and, at the same time, the greatness of the Japanese Empire. Therefore, it is a seductive experiment for the leading men, especially for the leading generals of Japan, to give work to the young radical militarists: when the young officers are marching at the head of their troops against the external foe, they cannot throw bombs against the ministers at home. The last military expeditions of Japan in Manchuria and at Shanghai have given some employment to military activity. To-day a war is for Japan a policy of assurance against revolution.

A possible alternative to a second Russo-Japanese War is more fighting in China. The revolt of Fukien includes an attack by the young Chinese radicals on what they regard as the reactionary, pro-Japanese policies of General Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nanking Government. If this movement makes headway, Japan may find that much more vital interests are being threatened in China than in Russia and shift her attention from Vladivostok to Canton or Shanghai.

THE PRESENT TREND of population in Japan explains much that is now happening in the Far East. On November 14, 1933, the Japanese

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Cabinet Bureau of Statistics announced that the population of the country had increased by 942,600 during the twelve months ending last September; and Professor Teijiro Ueda of the Tokyo University of Commerce believes that the number of births has become stationary at 2,150,000 a year and suggests that a maximum population of 80,000,000 will be reached between 1950 and 1955. Professor Ueda told the Pacific Relations Conference that birth control offers no solution since the workers of the future are already born and 250,000 additional jobs will have to be found for them every year. Agriculture provides no outlet: Japan's countryside is the most crowded in the world and its population increased but 7 per cent between 1890 and 1925, whereas the urban population increased 300 per cent during that period. The present condition of the nation has been described as a combination of an Oriental birth rate of 32.92 per thousand with a European death rate of 17.72 per thousand. Even the Tokyo correspondent of the prudent London *Times* foresees trouble:—

> The cheap goods of those factories into which the surplus workers of the farms were drained have found markets abroad. If the process does not continue, how is Japan to avoid an explosion which will either destroy the social order at home or burst a way to expansion abroad? The Japanese are a disciplined, but not a docile, people. Ninety-seven per cent of them can read and write. They are great readers. The number of students at technical schools and colleges is enormous. The competition to 'get on' is intense. The newspapers are so besieged with applications for employment that they hold examinations in which hundreds are rejected. At the last entrance examination for the diplomatic and consular service 300 candidates, most of them Imperial University graduates, competed for 11 places. For 465 places in the military academy (the school for officers) 10,442 came forward. The pressure is already making itself felt, and the people have become so intoxicated with their rapid ascent in half a century that their leaders rightly fear the social consequences of a setback.

Writing on 'Population Portents' in our October issue, we came to the conclusion that the rapidly increasing population of the Soviet Union was the outstanding population portent of our time, since it indicated the remarkable vitality of the one Socialist state in a capitalistic world. But to judge from these Japanese figures, the recent population growth of that country may produce more immediate, if not more important, results.

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Here are four articles dealing with the war danger in Europe, the revolt in Fukien, Japan's export campaign, and the peaceful foreign policy of Tokyo.

WARS *and* Rumors *of* Wars

A Mixed Quartette

I. The Next War

By Drieu la Rochelle

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

[*In days gone by anticipation of events was an innocent game that was freely enjoyed by scholars with little sense of reality or by the bourgeois clients of the Café du Commerce between two rubbers of bridge or between drinks. Everyone was so well off, life was so placid, so monotonous that the future seemed unreal. Circumstances have changed and with it the workings of the human brain have altered. When questioning arises to-day, it is serious and anguished. The future has taken on weight and reality; it has become the heaviest reality, and those who want to determine its weight exactly do not have recourse to their imagination: they calculate, they want to understand, to organize, to act along the lines of greatest probability.*

The study of Drieu la Rochelle, which we publish to-day, is an attempt to explain the alignment of the Powers in the next war that is to wreak havoc in Europe and the reasons for such an alignment. This lucid analysis weighs all the facts of a complex problem, untangles the various strands, and defines the dilemma that the French middle class must face: are you more nationalistic or more bourgeois? Must we consider the problem as Drieu la Rochelle has defined it? At any rate the possible future that he presents has been seriously

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thought out and deserves to be seriously considered.—EDITORS, '*Vu.*']

WAR breaks out in five years. France and Germany fall upon one another. France alone would be defeated: this is even more certain than in 1914. For several years to come there will be one young Frenchman to every two rearmed Germans. Therefore, the other nations must intervene, all the others: there cannot be too many.

England and Italy know that their help will not be superfluous. The English know that it is not enough to refuse to build a tunnel under the Channel to maintain an insularity that has long been dead. They also know that their Empire, if regarded as a political and economic entity, is a still-born Utopia and that they are therefore unable to depend upon their power outside Europe to defy a German victory on the Continent. Australia, Canada, and South Africa are far away and will have other fish to fry. The three Dominions will be shaken by the Japanese explosion in the Pacific and by the inevitable revolt of India. They will then draw nearer to the U. S. A. and will form an alliance with the only white nation that lies near the Pacific, which, like themselves, is imperiled by Asia. Furthermore, the brutal expansion of Japan will provoke the world conflict: the European war will be merely a consequence. And Italy knows that if she sides with Germany she will be nothing more than a vassal in the event of victory: that is obvious.

But look at the other side. What is Poland up to? She is set against Germany. Are you so sure? I ask this question because I am looking further yet. What is Russia doing? Whether or not Russia is fighting Japan when the next war comes, she will march against Germany, because Germany, ruled by Hitler or anyone else, is a far greater menace to her than any other nation. Germany is the overbearing neighbor whose technical achievements are always a challenge. And then there exists between the semi-Socialism of the German Fascists and the semi-Fascism of the Russian Communists the same family hatred as between the imperialism of the Romanovs and that of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. On both sides we see the same basic nationalism, the same tendency toward propaganda and world conquest, which lead to war.

It is for this struggle that Russia will save all her strength, and in any event she will avoid using all her resources for the defense of Tsarist conquests in the Far East. Soviet Russia will not repeat the blunder of the Romanovs. She will not send her fragile power to the end of the Trans-siberian Railway in a new colonial war. She will be content to maintain in that quarter a defensive position, which will be upheld by the United States. When the Japanese will have taken the Maritime Province Russia will merely wage minor battles in Siberia.

Russia will therefore march against Germany. Whether Poland goes with or against Germany, Russia will invade Polish territory. And this is what will determine the nature of the next Great War. As friend or enemy, Russia will cross the borders of Poland and every other Slavic country that lies adjacent to her land. She will enter the Baltic nations. And in all these

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countries a Soviet régime will be set up, with or without the consent of Moscow.

The success of Russia seems probable because, as we all know, Poland absorbed too much land in 1918. All the Polish territory that borders on Russia has a population in which Ukrainian, White Russian, and Lithuanian elements predominate. When the first shot is fired, these people will revolt. However weak Russia may be from an industrial or a military point of view, she has the strength of her youth.

She will penetrate even more easily into Rumania. Will she not be able, therefore, to go into the Balkans and Central Europe? One sees immediately the series of repercussions that will extend to the very heart of the European crisis and make chaos. But these reactions will take place in anticipation of the event: they will not wait for the event itself to take place.

Poland and Rumania will draw closer to Germany. The bourgeois element in East Europe will prefer German Fascist conquest to Russian Communist dominion.

One may predict that if war breaks out Germany will have much to do, at least as much as in 1914. She will not be able to defend Rumanian and Polish territory entirely. Then she will bless the Treaty of Versailles,—as I predicted in 1930 in *Europe against the Nations*,—which provided her with buffer states against the Communist downpour. But in so far as her defense will be difficult she will appear to bourgeois Europe as a barricade to protect it from Communism. And here again the reaction will precede the event, a reaction beginning to-day that will see the formation of Fascist, pro-German parties everywhere in Europe, even in France.

Do people place social distinctions above national distinctions? We shall very soon see. Much more definitely than in 1914 the next European war will be a social as well as an international conflict. The last war was a struggle between rival régimes, as the results have shown. The Occidental democracies demolished the old aristocracies and monarchies of Central Europe. The Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns were as much the victims of 1914 as the Romanovs. And the house of Savoy is scarcely better off, in spite of certain deceptive symptoms.

II

But the next time it will be a struggle to the death between Communism and Fascism. That struggle will force the bourgeoisie of the West, caught between anti-democratic Berlin and anti-democratic Moscow, to throw their democratic paraphernalia into the ashcan. But that is not enough. Will they abandon democracy in order to become pro-Russian Communists or in order to become pro-German Fascists? If the bourgeoisie of the West triumphs over Germany, then Russia is bound to triumph, too. The bourgeois armies of the West will enter Germany only to find the Red Army setting up soviets. Obviously the Western armies will attack. But will they be able to fight? In their desire to oppose Germany to the bitter end the French bourgeoisie will lose its own character. Will the West become Communistic through hatred of Germany?

Such an hypothesis is not absurd. Consider what would happen if the

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'Allies' were victorious. The French would then have to defeat the Soviets, strengthened by allies from Central Europe and even from Germany. Would the French have time to rally the defeated German army, at least those troops that had not turned Communist? And would not France be threatened by revolt within her own ranks, especially in the colored regiments? The risk that the French bourgeoisie is taking in allying itself with the Russian Communists against German Fascists is enormous. This risk will become even more serious in the event of victory. What threatens is nothing less than the conquest of Europe by Communism—including the conquest of France and England. Will not the French bourgeoisie draw back, just as the Polish bourgeoisie is now drawing closer to Germany, although it signed a pact with Russia when the Hitler terror began?

But if the French refuse this risk will they not be hurled headlong into another? If they are afraid that after a long and painful struggle they will have no choice but to turn Communist, will they run the terrible risk of an alliance with Germany? Will they forget all their traditions, their racial loyalty, the alliances painfully acquired or maintained to attempt a balanced Franco-German dominion over Europe, Africa, and a part of Asia? The danger of being throttled by the German ally, the horror of such an alliance seem more immediate than the Russian danger.

Am I exaggerating the danger of an alliance with Germany? It could never be anything but a cynical union between two imperialistic nations, throwing off their masks and defying a world prostrate at their feet. If England and Italy participated in this alliance, as the Hitlerites seem to hope they will, what difference would there be between so extensive an agreement and the conference table at Geneva? If the Franco-German alliance means anything to Hitler's party it means the division of the world in the Roman manner. The necessity of satisfying the unbounded enthusiasm of revolutionary young Germans drives Hitler on just as it impelled Napoleon III. Whether France or Italy becomes the ally of Germany, an immense field of activity must be found: that field lies in the East, in Russia.

Sooner or later the more powerful of the two allies—and it is bound to be Germany—will turn against the weaker one. Therefore, one cannot expect the Western Powers to shift into a new alignment more favorable to Germany before hostilities begin. The alliance between Paris and Berlin is too dangerous for Paris. Paris would adopt it only if the Red Army stood at the gates of Berlin. Only then would the enemy of to-day become the friend.

In any case, both hypotheses exist from now on—alarming and alluring. People will range themselves in opposing factions. There will be in France a pro-German party and a pro-Russian party. This, in turn, will cause terrific turmoil in the accepted order of things. French Communism, always weak, will gain strength by acquiring what it always lacked—a strongly nationalistic tone. Certain elements in the French bourgeoisie, however, will come to see that nationalism was not so much the breath of life as they had believed. They will justify making allowances for Germany and favor

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concessions such as the gentlemen of the left wing never dreamt of. Hitler has smooth sailing ahead. This enormously confusing situation can be boiled down to this strange dilemma: will the French prefer to become Communists in order not to become Germans or will they prefer to become Germans in order not to become Communists? And will not the same thing happen in England and in Italy?

III

Does this dilemma exhaust every historical possibility? Probably not. Is it impossible to imagine the existence of a third party in Europe? Such a party would draw upon the antagonisms engendered by both horns of the dilemma as I have presented them. This party would be based on a compromise between the old democracies in the West and the young democracies in the East, all of them tinged with Fascism. It would also include Italian Fascism, which now appears moderate and bourgeois compared with German Hitlerism. This third party would fight both Berlin and Moscow. All those entering its ranks would receive their share: the smaller Slavic and Baltic nations, which fear Russia and Germany equally; France and England, which fear Communism as much as they fear Germany; Italy, which would gain much more as the ally of France than as the ally of Germany and which would have much less to fear from a victorious Paris than from a victorious Berlin.

But to achieve this end France would have to give up her new alliance with Russia. England and Italy would have to drop their evasiveness. Is it too late? Is not the die already cast? Has not France already sacrificed Poland? Will not England and Italy play Hitler's game to the bitter end?

We already see the three abominable features of this war that is threatening Europe. First, the struggle will take place among three seemingly dissimilar political systems: Fascism, Communism, and Democracy. But in reality two of these systems, as all straight-thinking people realize, are very much alike and are growing closer together. The Socialists and Communists of Moscow are anti-democratic: in this they resemble the Fascists. The Fascists of Rome and Berlin are promoting state capitalism, which is just another way of getting up speed for the jump into Socialism. It is evident, moreover, that the democratic institutions of France will not have much trouble in changing over, if necessary, to Socialistic Fascism. The next war will therefore be an onrush of all brands of Fascism, hurled against one another. It will be a hodgepodge of all nationalisms.

Every power in this war will have no thought but to turn against the one that was its ally when the struggle began—Italy against Germany, France against Russia. And here is the second thing that will make the conflict a mad turmoil, from the ruins of which will emerge the dictatorship of the strongest nation. The victorious nationalism will find no opposition; it will spread without bounds over its own ruin and the ruin of others. National liberty will die in Europe, just as individual liberty has died. Finally, the third horror of the next war will be the weapons used in the conflict: this alone is enough to make it an abomination.

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II. The Yellow Trade Menace

By Max Rudert

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-language Liberal Weekly

THE color of a man's skin has little influence on the operation of supply and demand. Other factors than blood and the shape of the head control the market. The victory goes to the man who can sell cheaper than his competitor. The 'yellow peril' when investigated closely turns out to be merely a column of figures.

The following Japanese goods are now for sale in Europe at these prices:—

Electric light bulbs	.06	marks apiece
Flashlight bulbs	.02	" "
Bicycle-tire innertubes	.17	" "
Men's socks	.12	" a pair
Fountain pens with gold points	.20	" apiece
Nine-piece coffee service	1.28	marks complete
Bicycles	12.00	marks apiece
Watches	25.00	marks per kilogram

Japanese textiles sell at 40 to 70 per cent lower than they would cost to produce in European factories. Here is one example among many: the best Japanese rayon including all costs except duty—raw material, manufacture, dye, finishing, packing, transport, insurance, and commissions—sells for less at Marseilles than the thread alone sells for in Lyons. A European manufacturer explained resignedly, 'Even if I stole my raw material and did not pay my employees anything, I could not compete with such prices.'

Fascist journals express their political sympathy for the iron-bound dictatorship in Araki's native land, but when it comes to business they demand a new crusade. 'Nations of Europe, protect your markets.' There is no difference between the Rome Chamber of Commerce that regards Japanese penetration into Abyssinia as a violation of existing treaties and Sir Herbert Samuel who speaks in the House of Commons of immoral business principles, referring not to the opium trade in British India but to Japanese imitation of European goods. On only one point do the defenders of the home market moderate their criticism of this dangerous competitor: when they explain that the murderously low price level of Japanese goods is due to longer working days and lower wages, then only do they indulge in dreams of envy.

For a working day of from ten to twelve hours Japanese industry pays the following wages:—

Coal workers	.68	marks
Women cotton weavers	.60	"
Women cotton spinners	.72	"
Women silk weavers	.92	"
Skilled mechanics	2.14	"
Paper workers	1.26	"
Porcelain workers	1.40	"
Glass blowers	1.96	"
Match factory workers (male)	.87	"
Match factory workers (female)	.56	"

The wages of children, who are allowed to work in factories when they have reached the age of ten and who compose a considerable portion of Japanese labor, amount to 13 pfennigs a day for boys and 10 pfennigs a day for girls. They also work ten to twelve hours a day.

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Since even the most cruelly low wages must be able to meet the maintenance cost of human labor, such wages can only indicate an incomparably low standard of living in Japan. A comparison of the standard of living index in the chief industrial countries bears this out:—

Germany	116
United States	114
Italy	110
France	106
England	97
Japan	58

This low index has been achieved by systematic inflation of the yen by 60 per cent. The Japanese wage earner also has fewer needs than the poorest European worker and lives on a handful of rice. But the misery to which the Japanese masses are reduced is not an act of God; their social situation is merely the product of crude, early capitalism. Semi-colonial exploitation of labor, highly developed Fordism, and a Junker-like control of the state assure law and order. Sixty years ago the white workers in Europe were the victims of similar practices. To-day the yellow workers of Japan find themselves in the same condition.

Frugality, forced labor, hunger, slum conditions, and child murder—on these bases the youngest capitalist power in the world is expanding in a way that makes American economic methods look tame by comparison. The 2.5 million spindles that the Japanese textile industry boasted in 1913 grew to 7.8 millions by 1932. It is on this combination of a primitive standard of living and modern production methods that Japan's superiority to old-world capitalism rests.

Artificial silk, the most modern industrial product, yields the largest profits. After banker Loewenstein, the Napoleon of rayon, had drowned in the English channel, his industry underwent its most serious crisis, but during this very period production in Japan increased as follows according to information published in the *German Artificial Silk Review*:—

1932	
1st quarter	6000 tons
2nd "	7200 "
3rd "	7700 "
4th "	8250 "
1933	
1st quarter	8440 tons
2nd "	9835 "
3rd "	11100 "

The value of rayon products rose from 65 to 86 million yen, an increase of 33 per cent during a period of declining prices. In the same period rayon production rose from 300,000 to 400,000 bales. The same tropical growth occurred in other branches of the artificial silk industry. No wonder nine big new companies began producing artificial silk during 1932 and 1933—Japan Chemical Fibre Co. Ltd., Shonaiwawa Rayon Co. Ltd., Nisshin Rayon Co. Ltd., Kingwa Rayon Co. Ltd., Fukushima Rayon Co. Ltd., Shinko Rayon Co. Ltd., Toyo Fibre Industry Co. Ltd., Nitto Spinning Co. Ltd., Kanegafuchi Cotton Spinning Co. Ltd.

Other industries also grew at unbelievable speed, although not quite so rapidly. The profits of about 1,300 enterprises of every kind, representing more than half the total capital investment of all Japanese corporations, climbed from an average of 6.2 per cent in 1932, when the world economic crisis was at its peak, to 7.1 per cent in 1933. Here again the profits of the most modern industries are the greatest, as the following figures show:—

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Industries	Average Dividends, Per Cent
Paper and cement....	12.9
Iron and rolling mills..	13.5
Machine factories....	15.1
Cotton mills.....	18.2
Woolen mills	23.1
Artificial silk	24.9

These dividends were not drawn from the domestic market. The declining buying power of the people forced Japan on the path of aggressive expansion. The easiest course would have been to tap the vast market of near-by China, although the buying power of the individual Chinese amounts to little. Here, however, military adventure intervened. China, the natural purchaser of Japanese goods, resisted the political assault of its sister nation by a real boycott that has caused the sale of Japanese products to decline from 489.5 million yen to 254.8 during the last two years. When notes, ultimatums, and bombardments could not force the Chinese masses to buy goods, Japan had no choice but to attack other foreign markets where high tariff walls had been built to keep out unwanted competition.

II

But Japanese capitalism still possesses the creative energy and courage of youth. In the 'ten-year export plan' that was set in motion under the auspices of the government a definite attack on the world market was planned and is now being developed with grandiose precision. After the empty declamations of impotence that we have heard from the so-called 'economic leaders' of Europe in recent years, it is instructive to contemplate the Japanese export campaign. Export associations were formed to study the market requirements, tariffs, taxes, and revenues of the most important countries. Distribution centres were established, and finally the whole world was attacked with murderous price cuts. The nearest British Dominions—Australia and New Zealand, the Straits Settlements, and India—yielded surprising results. Although England had constructed the most air-tight defense against Japanese attack, Japan opened a wide breach. Imports of textiles to India increased fivefold and exports of yarn increased fourfold.

It was the same story in Africa. Starting at Capetown, Japanese agents worked their way up through the whole continent penetrating as far as the Congo and Abyssinia. Of the 875,000 yards of artificial silk that Tanganyika imported during the first seven months of 1933, 870,000 came from Japan. England and Italy shared 'the rest.' In the Near East, especially in Irak, Persia, and Egypt, Japan won similar successes.

The English, whose markets suffered most, could not easily protect themselves against this concentrated attack of breath-taking dumping. The high protective tariffs around the British Empire were simply overwhelmed and flooded at their weakest points. The walls had to be raised still higher, but London had every reason to move cautiously. For Japan's great export campaign also included a flank attack on the British Empire in South America. The Latin-American countries, which had recently been the classic field of combat between English and North American finance capital, are now taking more and more Japanese goods. When the demand was raised in London to keep out all

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cheap Japanese goods by tariffs, Japan answered with the warning that it would stop buying its raw cotton and wool in India and Australia, but would buy from South America instead. Since the Australian sheep raisers and Indian cotton growers were already weakened by a critical economic situation, both groups at once urgently demanded that Japanese goods be admitted to England at all costs. Thus London suffered a painful defeat in respect to imperial trade.

Japanese penetration is equally striking almost everywhere. According to the statistics of foreign trade recently published in Tokyo, Japan's exports increased as follows from the beginning of 1932 to the beginning of 1933:—

Export Destination	Percentage Increase
Asia	59.3
Europe	29.3
North America	28.5
Central America	241.3
South America	221.8
Africa	96.2
Oceania	76.9

This represents an average increase of fifty-one per cent at a time when decrease is the order of the day throughout the business world. If Europe has shown comparatively strong powers of resistance and taken only 29.3 per cent more Japanese goods, the reason is that various Japanese wares must improve their quality to make their way on the European market and to meet the high standards that are now maintained there.

Japan is now organizing a central European bureau in Vienna, from which it will work down into the Balkans, the Danube valley, and Central and South Europe. A huge warehouse for cotton, wool, silk, rayon, steel, rubber, celluloid, porcelain, and paper goods, for electric light bulbs, automobile parts, and bicycles is being built there. And from that centre the products will be distributed. Tariff walls that have caused other nations to withdraw in dismay hold no terrors for Japan. The agrarian countries deal with Japan on the principle of exchanging goods, and since Japan has no agricultural exports of its own it has a great advantage over the other industrial states. We shall therefore soon see European countries exchanging agricultural products with Japan and receiving finished industrial goods in exchange.

Concerning the ultimate outcome of Japan's attack on the present 'division' of the world,—this third movement in behalf of revision along with those of Mussolini and Hitler,—it cannot be judged on the basis of these initial successes. Japanese imperialism lacks coal and ore. This lack will weaken the country in the long run, just as its excessive exports will weaken it. Germany and England never exported more than a quarter of their total products even in periods of the most intense competition, and the U. S. A. never exported more than 10 or 12 per cent. Japan, however, is now exporting 60 per cent. How long will it be before the foundations crumble beneath such an excessive export trade, which can only be maintained by the most fantastic exploitation of the native population and the destruction of their own best powers? Such a mass attack on world trade contains the seeds of its own destruction. Trouble also threatens in the political and military sphere, and

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the surprising understanding that has been arrived at between Japan's two great neighbors, the U. S. S. R. and the U. S. A., is a serious symptom.

Can Japan draw back? It is like a boiler in which the pressure is constantly rising. In ten years its population has increased from 56 to 66 millions. With the aid of the state a huge industrial plant is being built up and fantastic exports are being promoted. What will happen when Japan must stop? Can it stop without having a social earthquake shatter the overpopulated island? Are not Japan's military adventures in Manchuria, its annual expenditures of 1.2 billion yen on military defense, and its trend toward Fascism signs of a rising temperature? An old Japanese legend reads, 'He who rides a tiger cannot dismount.'

III. China's New Sore Spot

By N. Terentiev

Translated from the *Moskauer Rundschau*, Moscow Communist Weekly

THE camp of Chinese reaction again faces serious problems. Some weeks ago, T. V. Soong, finance minister of the Nanking Government, one of its pillars and most representative figures, resigned. To-day the province of Fukien in southeastern China has set up a new government, which has proclaimed its independence from Nanking, issued a manifesto, and begun collecting customs and other revenues.

The appearance of this régime is the result of an alliance between the commanders of the Chinese Nineteenth Route Army and a group of opposition politicians in the Kuomintang, who used to belong to the Canton party. The Nineteenth Route Army had previously been a mere military organization like dozens of others in China. Although originating in Canton, it nevertheless allied itself with Nanking, and, when southern China tried to break away in 1931, it was detailed to the Yangtze valley. But as events developed this army found itself near Shanghai at the most critical moment of the Japanese attack in January and February, 1932. It was given the task of defending Shanghai and attained tremendous prestige throughout the world. During the defense the soldiers and younger officers of this army fraternized with the Shanghai workers who fought shoulder to shoulder with them, repelling the attack.

Everyone knows that the Nanking politicians betrayed the defense of Shanghai, and when the Nineteenth Route Army left it carried away recollections that even the Nanking officers had not distinguished themselves for their loyalty. Unquestionably, revolutionary discontent made rapid headway in its ranks. It was moved to the Fukien provinces where it quickly became master of the situation under the leadership of the generals stationed there. The following months were devoted to fighting the most progressive troops in the Chinese Red Army, and during the struggle the leaders of the Nineteenth Army became so conscious of the revolu-

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tionary inclinations of the rank and file that they had to confine themselves chiefly to defensive operations.

The second element in the new anti-Nanking block consists of certain reactionaries renowned throughout China, who used to follow Hu Chan-min and recently have been closely allied with Canton. This group of Kuomintang politicians hates Chiang Kai-shek and his clique, for unlike them it is supported by the big landowners and middle classes of South China. Recently, however, events in South China have knocked the foundations out from under the Canton group. Chi Tsi-han, who has become dictator in Canton, has dismissed the leading functionaries of the Canton administration and replaced them with his personal supporters.

II

The struggle in Canton was a part of the same semi-feudal struggle for power and for revenue that is so characteristic of the present Kuomintang government. This struggle is notoriously part of the struggle among the imperialists or among various groups of foreign capitalists—in this particular case, English imperialists who dominated the Canton delta. To-day, this group of Kuomintang politicians has moved from Canton to Fukien, where it has discovered a new support—the Nineteenth Route Army. That Army is the one military power that upholds the Fukien 'Government,' but the personal composition of the latter does not exclude the possibility that it is supported by the Kwangsi generals, since the province of Kwangsi lies west of Canton and these men hope to reëstablish their influence in Canton and ultimately to extend their power throughout China.

Fukien's proclamation of independence, like T. V. Soong's resignation, indicated the profound decline and serious collapse that have undermined the reactionary Kuomintang camp, and it undoubtedly has much to do with the increased economic and financial crisis in China that has recently caused serious alarm even among the ruling bourgeois and landowning classes. The country's economic situation is becoming more and more dangerous. The Chinese silk industry is going through a complete catastrophe. 'The past of this industry was gloomy enough,' wrote a Chinese journalist in a recent issue of the *China Weekly Review*, 'but its future holds out no hope whatever.' The unfavorable trade balance steadily increases; Chinese emigrants are sending home much less money from abroad; the peasants grow poorer; a new flood has wiped out whole districts; and, finally, the financial crisis has suddenly become more intense.

The Nanking budget for the current year, all of which goes to supporting Chiang Kai-shek's army, paying subsidies to Nanking, and meeting administrative expenses, shows a formal deficit of $150,000,000, but it is really much larger. As a result, Nanking has less financial means than ever to hold the loyalty of the innumerable military satraps in North, South, and West China. Relations between Nanking and Canton have long foreshadowed further intensification of the struggle for power, as the two régimes are actually quite independent of one another. Now, however, this split has taken a far more significant form in the conduct of the Nineteenth Route

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Army in Fukien. The appearance of a new pretender in this struggle for power, reveals the bankruptcy of the reactionary Kuomintang with the utmost significance.

Of course, the deepening crisis of the Chinese reaction is not entirely confined to a struggle within the reactionary ranks. It is quite characteristic that the Fukien government, composed as it is of Kuomintang reactionaries and typical Chinese militarists, has nevertheless considered it necessary to issue a manifesto promising just division of land and property, nationalization of the farms, forests, and rivers, and the right to strike.

It goes without saying that this is the purest demagogy, and that no pseudo-radical bait offered by the new agents of the big landowners and the bourgeoisie in Fukien will promote the true revolutionary movement that is developing in China—that great Chinese revolution that has won such a tremendous victory over vast stretches of Soviet China. But it is quite characteristic that convinced reactionaries should resort to such demagogic promises that have never been fulfilled by the Kuomintang in recent years. This indicates a consciousness of insecurity within the ranks of the Kuomintang and a fear of the masses among the bankrupt Chinese reactionaries. The pseudo-revolutionary language of the Fukien manifesto is a new symptom of the serious revolutionary crisis that has been fermenting in China and that has taken form in the victories of the Chinese Red Army. Because the emergence of the Nineteenth Route Army in Fukien reveals and intensifies the collapse of the Kuomintang reactionaries, this army must play a great rôle in the campaign that Nanking has now undertaken against the Chinese Red Army—a great and destructive rôle.

III

But in the extremely tense situation that now exists in the Far East, especially in China, the immediate issue is a struggle between hostile imperialist powers, and, therefore, the most important aspect of what is happening in Fukien has to do with foreign policy. Obviously, such an important fact as the revolt of this province and the renewal of hostilities between different generals must be closely connected with the struggle between rival imperialist factions, which is the ultimately decisive factor in the inner disputes of the Kuomintang. The situation is extremely complicated, as is proved by the fact that the financing and leadership of the Fukien uprising has been attributed by the world press first to England, then to America, and now dispatches from Tokyo indicate that Japanese political circles welcome the independence of Fukien as a further sign of Chiang Kai-shek's weakness.

What has happened in Fukien might be turned to advantage by any one of the three chief imperialist powers in China. Until recently, the Nanking group had taken an American direction, but American influence has declined as a result of T. V. Soong's resignation, and the pro-Japanese faction, whose chief base is in North China, has been strengthened. Of course, this does not mean that the Nanking government has lost all hope of securing American support and has completely gone over

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to Japan. It merely shows that Nanking, the bone of Japanese-American contention, must serve the stronger master and that American influence has waned whereas Japanese influence has increased.

T. V. Soong's resignation was unquestionably a defeat for American capital. Nor is there any doubt that the Nineteenth Route Army was in close contact with certain American circles during the Shanghai bombardment of two years ago. Because this army dominates Fukien, the Japanese press has raised an alarm and spread the report that America is providing the Nineteenth Route Army with money, guns, and airplanes, that American warships are hastening to the harbors of Fukien, that the United States is planning a seaport or a coaling station on the Fukien seacoast, and that America intends to build a huge airdrome in Fukien. This last announcement was connected by the Japanese press to the fact that the air route from Shanghai to Manila, which was organized by an American aviation company this year, passes over Fukien.

On the other hand, Fukien has long been a sphere of Japanese influence. In the famous Twenty-one Demands that Japan put to China in 1915, there figured, among other things, the request that after foreign capital was withdrawn from exploiting the iron ore, building the railways, harbors, and docks in the Fukien province, China would turn to Japan for assistance. In the treaty that was concluded at the time, the Chinese government promised not to give any hostile power permission to build docks, coaling stations, shipping bases, and so on, on the coast of Fukien, and not to accept any foreign capital for this purpose.

The close proximity of Fukien to the Japanese island of Formosa compelled Japan to strengthen its economic ties and political influence in that quarter. The recent uprising in Fukien favors Japan's policy to a certain extent, since Japan wishes, on the one hand, to dismember China and, on the other, to force Nanking to make open capitulations and to become a weapon of monopolistic Japanese rule. It must also be pointed out that the anti-Japanese outbursts of the Kuomintang politicians who are now supporting the Fukien independent movement do not make understanding with Japan impossible. For such expressions are pure demagogy, their sole purpose being to increase the political prestige of the men who utter them at the expense of bankrupt Nanking.

Finally, the Fukien adventure may also serve the interests of British imperialism. The Hu Chan-min group that has taken the lead has always been regarded as an agent of England, that is to say, of English interests in Hong Kong. These interests have supported all the Kwangtseh generals who have made moves to block the Nineteenth Route Army. There can be no doubt that British imperialism will thus try to use the events in Fukien to strengthen its own control of southern China and to increase British political influence in Nanking.

It therefore follows that the events in Fukien do not signify the increasing dominance of any one imperialist power in that quarter, but, on the contrary, indicate a further intensification of the struggle for power between the imperialists. Like Nanking, the new Fukien group belongs lock,

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stock, and barrel, to the big landowning and bourgeois block that rules China and, as such, has become a prize for which the imperialist powers compete. The new turn in China indicates increased conflict within the reactionary camp and a further weakening of this camp. It also points to more bickering among the imperialist powers. Thus it may prove the starting point of a sequence of events of great international significance.

IV. The Case for Japan

By Dr. Gerolf Coudenhove-Kalergi

Translated from *Aufruf*, German Emigré Weekly, published in Prague

[*Dr. Gerolf Coudenhove-Kalergi, who is a brother of the leader of the Pan-Europa movement, belongs to the Japanese diplomatic service and teaches at the Oriental Institute in Prague. In order to get the Japanese point of view on the Far-Eastern problem from an authoritative source, we invited Dr. Gerolf Coudenhove-Kalergi to write the following article. What he has to say provides a basis for intelligent discussion.*—Editor, '*Aufruf.*']

THE European press has recently been publishing dispatches on the increasing war danger in the Far East. Every report of some minor frontier incident, every bellicose announcement by some irreponsible individual are at once turned to advantage and used to emphasize the danger of a new world war in Asia, whereas statements expressing the opposite point of view are ignored. First it is a Russo-Japanese War, then a Japanese-American war, and finally a joint war on Japan by Russia and America that is prophesied.

Obviously, the wish is father to the thought, since a conflict in eastern Asia, to which Europe would remain neutral, would yield enormous profits from orders for military supplies, might combat unemployment, and, at the same time, destroy Japanese industrial competition. Moreover, the authors of these warlike articles either hope for a victory of the Red Army, the Bolshevization of all Asia, and the final victory of the Communist world revolution, or else they hope for a decisive Russian defeat and a consequent collapse of Bolshevist rule. But the three powers concerned, Japan, Russia, and the United States, show but little desire to run the risk of a war in which each of them has so little to gain.

Relations between China and Japan, that is, between Japan and the Nanking Government, show signs of improvement. Although many Europeans talk of a war between China and Japan, diplomatic ties between these two countries were never broken during the Manchurian conflict. Only a short time ago, Chiang Tso-ping, the new Chinese ambassador to Tokyo, explained at his first press interview that China and Japan were bound together by proximity and common cultural foundations and that they shared the same destiny in spite of temporary differences. He said that it would now be the task of the two

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governments to work toward a common understanding.

Japanese Foreign Minister Hirota, who knows China well, gave a press interview in the same spirit and was favorably received by the general public. Although misunderstandings between the two countries have not yet been eliminated, the tension has been somewhat relaxed. There are several reasons for this. The Chinese Government sees that its hopes of actual intervention by the League of Nations are destroyed, that the help of the League has been confined to resolutions, and that the Communist danger in Central China and other separatist movements are monopolizing the attention of the Nanking Government. Finally, time is working for peace, since the new state of Manchukuo is being consolidated in spite of nonrecognition by other powers. It already possesses a sound currency, banditry is being suppressed, trade and emigration from China are increasing, and a modern legal system is being created, promising justice to all citizens.

Needless to say, this task, in which Japan has played a leading rôle, requires every ounce of power in the Japanese nation, for Manchukuo is as big as France and Germany put together. A war would destroy everything that has been accomplished here. Moreover, Japan hopes to obtain world recognition for a civilized, consolidated Manchukuo. The same thing applies to Russo-Japanese relations. The controversy over the Chinese Eastern Railway has not been settled, but it is most unlikely that Japan and Russia will go to war over a question of such secondary importance.

As far as Japanese-American relations are concerned, the whole Japanese press, like that of America, agrees that American recognition of the Soviet Union, which many Europeans regard as an assault on Japan, was chiefly dictated by economic considerations and that its purpose was to terminate the unnatural condition of nonrecognition that had lasted for sixteen years. Especially significant in connection with Japanese-American relations is the fact that on November 3 President Roosevelt, at the same time that he resumed normal relations with Soviet Russia, announced that the Atlantic fleet, which had been concentrated in the Pacific Ocean along with the Pacific fleet during the past two years, would return to its Atlantic stations early in 1934. This step was greeted with great satisfaction in Japan and is generally recognized as an indication of improved feeling. Moreover, a Japanese-American war seems unlikely because the naval bases of the two countries are so remote that neither could attack the other. A naval blockade would also be technically impossible.

II

In respect to the revival of Japanese nationalism, or so-called Japanese Fascism, which Europeans so readily compare with Italian Fascism and German National Socialism, it can be said that Japanese Fascism developed under similar circumstances but is basically and completely independent of European Fascism. The roots of Japanese Fascism lie in the disillusionment created among the Japanese people when the League of Nations voted unanimously against Japan in

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the Manchurian question. This lack of understanding of Japanese vital interests, which are based on the necessity of feeding a population that is growing at the rate of a million a year but that is not allowed to emigrate to any of the colonial powers, forced Japan to abandon internationalism and return to making her own decisions on the basis of her own popular national strength. The Japanese movement to the Right is also the result of a reaction against the too rapid westernization of the country.

Finally, Japanese Fascism means that the youth of Japan is decisively refusing Western materialism in the form of Marxism and is undergoing a spontaneous revival of the old Japanese patriotic and religious idealism. The movement is based on the army and the peasantry and includes all the officers and soldiers. It also has a strongly anti-capitalistic and agrarian character. Of course, the movement is still in a state of ferment, and, although it is playing with the idea of state socialism, it has not yet formulated definite demands in that direction. It is growing but it lacks leaders and economic theorists. The trial of the assassins of former Prime Minister Inukai and of a number of other political leaders shows how much sympathy Fascism has aroused among wide masses of the population, and the recent mass movement away from Communism, including the defection of such Communist leaders as G. Sano and S. Nabeyama, shows that the struggle against capitalism, liberalism, and, perhaps, even parliament in Japan is based on monarchical, rather than Marxist foundations.

How it will continue to develop, no one can yet say. Japanese Fascism differs from Hitlerism, with which it has many points in common, in the fact that racial issues do not exist in Japan. Apart from her colonies, Japan possesses no racial or national minorities. There is no Jewish question in Japan, since there are no Japanese Jews. The foreign policy of Japanese Fascism demands equality of armaments and abandonment of the 5-5-3 naval ratio laid down at the Washington Conference. It advocates a kind of Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, that is to say, an agreement by Japan not to intervene in European and American disputes and an agreement by European and American powers not to intervene in Asiatic questions. Finally, it demands close collaboration with the Asiatic powers as a defense against Western imperialism.

To sum the matter up, the situation in eastern Asia, which has been fluid since September, 1931, is gradually becoming stabilized. Japanese foreign policy fully understands how far it can go in assuring the nation's existence, and prophets of a Far-Eastern world war in the near future will be as mistaken this year as they were last, when they could not proclaim too strongly that Japanese troops were about to march into Peking and occupy all of China.

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Here is the case for inflation, written last summer by one of England's foremost inventors as the foreword to a recently republished pamphlet that bears the same title as this article.

The Bankers' Conspiracy

By Arthur Kitson

From *The Bankers' Conspiracy.*
Published by Elliot Stock, London

JUDGED by its effects upon the industrial and social affairs of Great Britain, the Cunliffe Currency Committee's report, issued in the month of August, 1918, is the most important document of the late war and post-war periods. This document advised the adoption of certain monetary policies that were accepted by the coalition government of Mr. Lloyd George in 1920 under the chancellorship of Mr. (now Sir) Austen Chamberlain and is directly responsible for the most disastrous period in the industrial history of this country.

Notwithstanding the ruinous results of the deflationary policy recommended in this report during the years immediately following its adoption, Mr. Winston Churchill intensified these evils by establishing the gold standard in 1925, which precipitated the great strike of 1926. In 1924 another committee was appointed, composed of Sir Austen Chamberlain, chairman, Mr. Gaspard Farrer, banker, Mr. A. C. Pigou, professor of Economics at Cambridge, and the two Treasury officials, Sir John Bradbury and Sir Otto Ernst Niemeyer, to report on the terms and conditions for handing over the control of the currency note issues to the Bank of England as recommended by the Cunliffe Committee.

If the present world crisis can be traced to the currency deflation policy pursued by the central banks of the great industrial nations since the War, Great Britain must be held mainly responsible for having taken the lead in the adoption of this suicidal measure. And the men who should be held responsible to the British people for urging the

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government to embark on this reactionary course are the members of these two committees.

II

In every branch of human study experience is the only reliable test of theories. The experience of this country since the adoption by the government of the report has surely demonstrated the ruinous effects of the financial policies recommended by the Committee. Indeed, the results have proved so appalling, that even many of those who originally advocated the reëstablishment of the gold standard monetary system, like Sir Basil Blackett, and endorsed the Committee's report, like Lord D'Abernon, have become critics of this system. The gold standard, reëstablished in 1925, after inflicting untold losses upon our industrial classes and taxpayers, had to be abandoned six years later to save the country from ruin.

The same policies as those recommended by the Committee have also been tried in other countries since the War and with similarly ruinous results: hence the present world crisis. By the universal adoption of the gold standard after its recommendation by the Cunliffe Committee, which was one of the main policies advocated by the League of Nations, an irresponsible super-government was created, composed of a group of international bankers. It required only a few years to prove the utter incapacity of these men to manage the world's financial affairs, and if the people of all civilized countries are not yet convinced of the terrible dangers attending the supremacy of the banking interests there will be a repetition of the economic disasters of the past few years—but of a much more intensive character.

The present Governor of the Bank of England is one of the few members of this group candid enough to admit that the present situation is 'beyond him' and that he can see no solution. And yet he seems unable to realize that the present crisis is almost entirely due to the policy he and his associates abroad have been pursuing for some years past.

Early in the War, in conjunction with Mr. Wilfrid Hill, the first president of the Birmingham Business Club, and Mr. Ernest Payton, the financial director of the Austin Motor Company, I formed the Banking and Currency Reform League of Birmingham, under the auspices of which numerous meetings were held both in London and in the provinces for the purpose of warning the public and the government against the policy which I foresaw the London bankers would endeavor to establish as soon as peace was declared. Among our members were Lord Desborough, the late Moreton Frewen, M.P., and T. B. Johnston, Esq., the well-known pottery manufacturer of Bristol, who organized several meetings for us at Bristol and elsewhere. This League entertained the late Sir Edward Holden—the founder of the Midland Bank—at the last luncheon party he ever attended, at the conclusion of which he gave us a most interesting account of the way the War had been financed.

He was a severe critic of the Bank of England and of the Bank Charter Act. As our League advocated the repeal of the act, Sir Edward gave us his support, although he did not endorse our entire programme. In his speech at the luncheon referred to, at which I presided and which was given

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at the Savoy Hotel in London, Sir Edward stated that 'with nine-tenths of Kitson's gospel I am in full accord.'

I mention these particulars in order to show how baseless have been the assertions of certain statesmen and bankers that 'the present crisis was not and could not have been foreseen by anyone.'

Moreover, it required no exceptional gift of foresight to foretell the inevitable consequences of the revival of the gold standard after the War and of the scarce-dear-money policy that has been pursued by the Bank of England with the approval of the Treasury officials and chancellors during most of the post-war period. Any intelligent reader of the industrial and financial history of this country for the last century could as readily have predicted the present period as the writer himself. Dozens of examples of the ruinous results of money and credit contraction could be mentioned from the experiences of the various industrial nations within living memory. But the best illustration is the post-war period after the battle of Waterloo. As the direct result of Lord Liverpool's and Sir Robert Peel's gold-standard policy, this country experienced thirty years of industrial depression and unemployment culminating in the 'hungry forties.' And as Disraeli stated on several occasions, England was only saved from final ruin by two accidents: the discovery of gold in California and Australia in 1849 and 1850, which, by providing a large increase in the volume of money, —to-day it would be termed 'inflation,'—reversed the policy of Peel and brought about an era of prosperity.

Similarly the demonetization of silver after the Franco-German war resulted in currency deflation with the accompanying evils of low prices, trade depression, unemployment, and general social misery. Civilization was once more saved by the currency expansion brought about by the gold discoveries in South Africa.

III

It may be stated as a *general* truth that *currency expansion—whether in the form of the precious metals or legal tender paper money—has always promoted industrial prosperity*. On the other hand, *every period of currency contraction—especially when enforced by legislation—has resulted in industrial stagnation and social misery. No country has ever succeeded in restoring prosperity without an increase in the purchasing power of the public.*

Orthodox writers are fond of dwelling on the disasters accompanying periods of monetary inflation, such as occurred in Germany after the War and in Russia after the Revolution. These writers are careful to avoid mentioning that in both these cases the inflation was deliberate on the part of the authorities. In the one case it was adopted to get rid of Germany's internal war debts, and in the other to destroy the Russian private traders by making the ruble valueless. *The increase of money supplies for the sole purpose of assisting trade and production has always proved beneficial to mankind.*

Monetary inflation may be beneficial as well as an evil, and in the case of Germany it proved ruinous to the rentier class and to the idle rich. But it was during this period that the German manufacturers were able to redesign their works and install

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the most up-to-date machinery with the result that to-day Germany is the best-equipped nation in the world for production of manufactured goods. *Inflation has never ruined any nation.* On the other hand, monetary *deflation* ruins the wealth-producing classes upon whom the very existence of a country depends and, if the policy is continued, is bound to bring that country to destitution.

The monetary system, as advocated in the report of the Cunliffe Committee and as practised by the Bank of England for the past ten years, belongs to the age of scarcity when trade was a mere bagatelle to what it has since become. When Sir Robert Peel introduced the Bank Charter Act of 1844, England was the only country using gold *exclusively* as the basis for its currency. Other nations employed silver, although paper money was extensively used in America.

Scientific discoveries and inventions during the past half-century have revolutionized the world's economic system, and the present crisis with which the world is now afflicted is due to the attempt of governments and international bankers to employ an antiquated currency system to function in the present age of plenty. It is analogous to the London water companies, trying to use the same water mains employed a century ago for distributing water to London's present population.

Lord D'Abernon—who was formerly a banker—has described the present crisis as a 'money crisis.' He adds: 'It is the stupidest and most gratuitous in history. All the essential circumstances, except financial wisdom, favor an era of prosperity and well-being. Crops are more abundant than ever before; science has developed production beyond all precedent; inventiveness has discovered new processes in industry, increasing the power of man over nature, enabling him to produce far more at less cost. But the incapacity to adjust vehicle to burden and means of payment to requirements has brought about a crisis, so that many are starving in a world of plenty while all are oppressed with the same sense of depression and inability to meet the situation. The explanation of this anomaly is that the machinery for distributing the products of labor has proved quite inadequate.'

Money is the life blood of trade and commerce, and, unless there is an ample supply to meet the growing demands of trade, enterprise is checked, trade is depressed, and the public are unable to secure and enjoy the abundance of the necessaries and good things of life, which inventors and scientists have been able to provide. The eminent Oxford scientist, Professor Frederick Soddy, states that the gold-standard monetary system has wrecked a scientific age. Whereas modern science and inventions have harnessed the forces of nature to man's control so that an abundance of every form of wealth can be readily provided, the world's bankers have stepped in and placed a barrier between production and consumption. They have not been content to take their share of modern wealth production, great as it has been, but they have refused to allow the masses of mankind to receive theirs and participate in the wonderful results. In consequence, millions of pounds' worth of products have been destroyed. Corn has been used for fuel. Coffee has been

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thrown into the sea. Fruit has been allowed to rot. Hundreds of tons of fish have been thrown overboard. In fact, the world's productive capacity has been slackened to a mere fraction of what it could have been by the refusal of the bankers to furnish the public with enough tickets (which we call money) to enable the producing classes to distribute the wealth produced.

So important is money to our economic life that Sir Archibald Alison in his *History of Europe* attributes the 'thousand-year night of Europe,' commencing with the fall of the Roman Empire, to the absence of money, which was destroyed or lost during the barbaric invasions. During this long dark period, civilization declined, and practically everything of a coöperative character that required the use of money, such as coöperative manufactures, road construction, bridge building, et cetera, almost entirely ceased.

The same writer also attributes the great awakening of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries known as the Renaissance, during which trade, and learning, and civilization were revived, to the discovery of silver in the Peruvian mines, which gave to the world a medium of exchange.

IV

It is worth while to notice the names and professions of the members of this Cunliffe Committee. It will be seen that with the exception of Sir John Bradbury, Professor Pigou, and Mr. Upcott every member was connected with the banking profession. Moreover, it is well known that the Treasury officials work always in harmony with the policy of the London bankers. So much is this the case that we have recently seen several of them—including Sir John Bradbury and Sir Otto Ernst Niemeyer, who also occupied a very important and influential position in the Treasury both during and after the War—becoming directors of banking institutions. Not a single representative of manufacturing, agriculture, or labor was invited to become a member of this currency committee.

In no other business or profession—save that of banking—would the government of any civilized country so brazenly offend the public sense of justice as to appoint a committee composed exclusively, or even mainly, of members engaged in that particular business to determine the legal privileges that such a business should enjoy. What would people say if the government of this country were to appoint a committee drawn exclusively from the brewers or whisky distillers to determine the character of our licensing laws, or a committee composed exclusively of criminals to determine the criminal laws? And yet this sacrifice of the public interests on behalf of the money-lending profession has been the policy of every British government for the last century.

We have seen but recently the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, obeying the call of the Governor of the Bank of England as obediently as an ordinary bank messenger boy. We have witnessed a shameful surrender of British interests to the United States over the debt question by a former prime minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, at the bidding of the same representative of private vested interests—Mr. Montagu Norman. We have recently seen the gov-

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ernment reimbursing the shareholders of the Bank at the expense of the taxpayers for losses incurred on their foreign loans to Austria.

Nor is this humiliating spectacle confined wholly to this country. Two years ago Sir Otto Ernst Niemeyer, a director of the Bank of England, undertook a visit to Australia to instruct the people of that self-governing colony as to the financial policy they must carry out in order to meet the wishes of the London group of money-lenders. And with the exception of the former premier, William Hughes, the Australian politicians and government officials actually received this impudent address with all humility and a promise to obey the instructions.

One wonders whether the spirit of independence and freedom, with which the Anglo-Saxon race was once possessed and for which it was famous, has been destroyed by this modern spirit of commercialism.

Since commencing this foreword, I have read with great pleasure the declaration of the London Chamber of Commerce and the Federation of British Industries protesting against the reëstablishment of the gold standard. In spite of all the undeniable disasters and general social misery that this fraudulent system has created the international bankers, constituting what is known as the 'money power,' are still plotting to restore gold as the god of all wealth. They know that only by means of a commodity standard that they are able to control will they dominate the world's industries and trade. This is their ultimate object.

In his *Modern Democracies* the late Lord Bryce said:—

'Democracy has no more persistent or insidious foe than the money power to which it may say, as Dante said when he reached in his journey through Hell the dwelling of the God of Riches, "Here we found Wealth, the great enemy." That enemy is formidable because he works secretly by persuasion or deceit, rather than by force, and so takes men unaware. He is a danger to good government everywhere.

'The truth seems to be that democracy has only one marked advantage over other governments in defending itself against the submarine warfare that wealth can wage—publicity and the force of public opinion. So long as ministers can be interrogated in an assembly, so long as the press is free to call attention to alleged scandals and require explanations from persons suspected of an improper use of money, or an improper submission to its influences, so long will the people be at least warned of the dangers that threaten them. If they refuse to take the warnings, they are already untrue to the duties that freedom prescribes.'

Unfortunately, the safeguards of public freedom—publicity and the force of public opinion—are rapidly being controlled by the money power. The press of this country is almost entirely in the hands of the banking interests, while the cinema and the radio are also similarly controlled. It is also known that by a recent ruling of the speaker questions regarding the policy and constitution of the Bank of England that affect the public welfare are not allowed to be put in the House of Commons.

Here is a private trading company to which has been given by Mr. Baldwin's government the absolute

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control of the public's money system, a corporation owned by a number of shareholders who are under no obligation to publish their names or holdings, a company that can adopt any policy its directors see fit, that is under no obligation to meet the needs of British trade and industry, that is international in character, that has the power to loan and does actually loan British credit to foreign countries to build up rival industries to those of this country, that can raise or lower the bank rate for its own interests and so penalize the British public, that can depress trade and increase unemployment or revive trade and reduce unemployment without any interference from the government and without any obligation to explain its conduct.

And this international corporation rules the British nation, whose people have proclaimed for the last two centuries that they 'never, never will be slaves.'

The control of money means the control of human life. Without money a man loses his right to life and freedom. In the eyes of the law being without visible means of support is a crime. All debts—including rates and taxes—are payable not in goods, which the people are free to produce, but in an instrument that no man is permitted to create outside of the banker. And although the government demands a revenue in currency of over seven hundred million pounds per annum, it makes no effort to provide the public with the necessary volume, nor does it obligate the Bank of England, to which it has handed over this priceless monopoly, to do so.

As Sir Basil Blackett, a director of the Bank of England, and a former advocate of the Cunliffe Committee's report, has recently written in his book, *Planned Money:*—

'When it is remembered that kings and governments have throughout the ages insisted with jealous care on their prerogative of issuing money and controlling currency within their jurisdiction, it is somewhat strange to find modern states accepting as axiomatic a limitation of their sovereignty in the sphere of money so far-reaching in its effects on their own powers and on the daily lives of their citizens, as is involved in their agreeing to conform in all circumstances to a standard of value over which they have no control.'

Fortunately for civilization, the world's economic disasters have compelled thousands of intelligent people to study this money problem, which has hitherto been purposely shrouded in mystery by the leaders of finance and their paid hirelings—the city editors and the economists. The international bankers' game is being exposed to the public of all nations.

'We cannot allow our economic life to be controlled by that small group of men whose chief outlook upon the social welfare is tinctured by the fact that they can make huge profits from the lending of money and the marketing of securities—an outlook which deserves the adjectives "selfish" and "opportunist."'

This quotation from a recent work by President Roosevelt is the most hopeful outlook both for the American public and for the world at large. Will *our* politicians have the intelligence and the wisdom to follow the President's lead?

I doubt it.

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Here is Berlin's former Communist stronghold described as it is to-day by a sympathetic National Socialist.

Red Berlin TO-DAY

By Otto C. Kühbacher

Translated from *Die Tat*
Jena National-Socialist Monthly

RED Wedding, the name of the working-class quarter in North Berlin, has long been a symbol. The part of Charlottenburg where the Storm-Troop leader Hans Maikovski fell on the historic night of January 31, 1933 under the fire of Communist partisans used to be called 'Little Wedding,' and every industrial centre in Germany had its 'Wedding.' It was the name of that part of town in which one could feel the pulse of German life beating at its sharpest tempo in a life-and-death crisis. If Wedding was in a bad way, so was Germany. How is Wedding now?

Evening in the Kösliner Strasse, once known as Red Street. The biggest tenements in Berlin stand here two and three deep. The doors with huge arches over them are closed. An occasional solitary figure returns home. Darkness obscures the archways and courtyards. The sound of footsteps dies away in darkness and silence.

To-day only two places in the Kösliner Strasse show any signs of life or unrest. On the fourth story of one tenement an orchestra of mandolins and fiddles concludes its programme with 'Oh thou wonderful German Rhine, thou shalt always be Germany's glory.' Up the street at the corner of the Wiesenstrasse is a moving-picture house that has just opened; some posters and chrysanthemums are displayed in a rather lavishly lighted lobby, a curious contrast to former times. But here, too, everything is quiet as the last performance runs its course. The proprietor is already beginning to close up and provides the following information.

He has begun all over again but is not the first to make such an attempt. Earlier in the year somebody else tried and failed but that was in the summer. Now he thinks he can get by. Because another movie house in Wedding was doing well, he took another chance this fall. He must go now. Yes, in the old days life was im-

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possible in the Kösliner Strasse. Barricades were thrown up almost every day. There were daily pursuits, fights, and shootings. A movie house here could not hope to succeed. Who would have dared to venture along the Kösliner Strasse to go to a movie? One could never be sure of coming home alive. Of course, it is hard beginning again, but he thinks that he will make a go of it now that peace has come.

II

Outside the entrance a young man leans against a fence. He has no collar and wears his student cap on the back of his head. You used to see dozens like him here and not all of them were young. He asks for a cigarette and starts talking.

Yes, there are Communists here still but they keep quiet. Many former Communists have joined the Storm Troops. Have they remained Communists? He does n't believe so. Yes, he used to belong to a Communist fighting detachment but it has been disbanded. Some Communists went over to Hugenberg's German Nationalists but did n't stay there. There may be some Communist spies in the Storm Troops, but they can't get away with much: they are watched too carefully.

Two Storm Troopers come along the street, say 'good evening' to the movie-house proprietor, ask if everything is all right, and continue on their way to their local headquarters, looking very disciplined. They are going to a little beer shop where the Weddingstrasse crosses the Kösliner Strasse. From there they can get a view commanding the Kösliner Strasse. The young man goes on talking.

He is a young Hitler supporter too. Since when? For the past nine months. He wears no insignia but he has a job. No, he had never been trained for anything, he was always unemployed but now he is a cabinetmaker's assistant.

The last performance is over. The sparse audience leaves the theatre. There are about twenty couples, all young people, fellows with their girls. Then there are a few older women and that is all. The lights above the entrance go out. The mandolin concert has ended at last. The Kösliner Strasse has gone to sleep. It is half past twelve.

Who would guess that hundreds of people are living in these tenements, many of them sleeping in kitchens? Who would guess that here the Communists used to recruit their mass revolutionary demonstrations, that they used to spend their time talking in groups, shouting or awaiting orders that would bring them out of home or beer shop early or late at night? Anyone who knew the Kösliner Strasse before January 31 cannot help asking himself, 'What has become of all these people, packed to the roofs of the many-storied houses? Are they the same, or have they become transformed?'

One thing especially impresses the visitor to Wedding to-day. All those wandering groups of young unemployed have disappeared from the streets. Passers-by are no longer annoyed; shopkeepers are no longer threatened. When the young Hitler supporters hold a Sunday evening manœuvre in the Nettelbeckplatz, which might have occasioned a clash in the old days, not more than six or seven curiosity seekers stand about,

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people who merely chance to be passing that way. A man gets off the street car and imitates one of the commands that the troop leader gives. Nobody bothers him: 'Let him go.' But if the man is coming home from work carrying the familiar little lunch box under his arm he would never do such a thing, nor would the man without work.

At noon groups of unemployed still stand about the doors of the houses on the Kösliner Strasse but they belong to the houses, just like the children who play on the sidewalk, or the mothers who carry their babies out for a bit of sunlight at this hour of the day. At noon hundreds of men fill the street. The unemployed joke with the fruit dealers at their carts or tease an old man who is trying to make conversation with some of the young fellows.

A tenement with a hundred families in it has plenty to talk about. It would be a great mistake to believe that such people discuss the Reichstag fire trial. Storm Troopers can walk through the street like any uniformed employee, like a policeman, a street-car conductor, or a postman: previously they used to be beaten up. How does this happen?

Most of the young unemployed have found work in the labor camps. Eighty men have gone from the Kösliner Strasse alone. Two dozen of them who were given temporary work in the country all came home alone on foot, but those who went to the labor camps have stayed there. They are among their own kind and are not required to do more than they are able. Those stationed at small farms, on the other hand, could not perform the unaccustomed work.

A good many occupants of the tenements have changed. The Kösliner Strasse has a different composition than it had a year ago. National Socialism already has many supporters among those who are living here to-day. On the occasion of the harvest festival the street was decorated with swastika crosses like all the rest of the city. A year ago, on the other hand, so many red flags and banners were hung from house to house that one could hardly see the sky. The transformation is overpowering. How could it come to pass?

It is said that a certain Storm-Troop leader is still searching for one of the few Communists who still cling to Communist ideas, for he is apparently a good German character who cannot change his opinions as easily as one changes a shirt. The Storm-Troop leader wants to convince him and hopes to win him over to National Socialism. That was the method employed by Horst Wessel who became personally acquainted with the Communist leaders of the Alexanderplatz and was always trying to have discussions with them. The zealous propaganda work of the Storm Troopers has already brought forth some harvests even from this rocky soil.

But there was always something in the worker and proletarian of Wedding that the Communist agitator overlooked and that the National Socialist clearly recognizes—a desire for leadership. Communist ideology operates with the concept of the mass, from which the revolutionary movement must spring. National Socialism, on the other hand, activized the individual around whom a following was built up. After the Marxist jobholders had been deprived of their

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jobs, victory was assured. It is now only a question of the time it will take the former Communist following to be won over to National-Socialist ideas.

The working class in the big cities still finds itself in a peculiar situation toward the new state and National Socialism. It was here that the last bulwarks of Marxism remained. In many respects a metropolitan working-class district resembles a conquered fortress. There is always a certain number that has not yet come over to the side of the victors but that would not resume the struggle or offer resistance. There would be no reason for them to do so. The working class retains its social organizations in the trade unions, the insurance institutes, and similar organizations that used to be considered the creations of liberal democratic freedom and that were supposedly threatened by National-Socialist troops. Now trusted National-Socialist leaders control these organizations; the dues that have been paid in for years have not been lost; the disbursements remain undiminished; wages are protected. These are very essential points, and, if one still holds one's job or gets a job on the understanding that one refrain from any activity hostile to the state, a *modus vivendi* exists. One hears the former left-wing sympathizers talking in this vein all the time.

III

Between four and six o'clock masses of returning workers pour out of the Wedding station into the Lindower Strasse. 'Things are better here,' says the ticket-taker. 'The time has passed when people bawled at a fellow merely for doing his duty. You can almost see the new order going against the grain of a great many people who come through the entrance here, but most of them must have seen that they get along better if they coöperate.'

Train after train comes in; the crowds stream by. Women stand waiting at the doors: many have brought their children. Here and there is a brown uniform in the dark stream of working people, for there is at least one Storm Trooper or official on every train. National-Socialist insignia are much more in evidence. Here and there a hand is raised in a Hitler salute but there are not very many who do this, at most ten per cent of the crowd.

One sees many of the insignia of the National-Socialist wounded veterans' organization and a good many silver stars of the Reichs Air Guard. The importance of these things cannot be overestimated in winning over the working class to the new state. Wearing the insignia makes a man who would otherwise be outside the new social order feel important. He does not at once become a party comrade but becomes something that may be much more important to the individual—a fellow-citizen.

The metropolitan worker is a shrewd fellow, extremely skeptical of appeals to the emotions, especially to sentimental exaggeration. Perhaps too much so. It may be as much the result of his metropolitan background as of Marxian propaganda that he suffers from a certain lack of capacity for enthusiasm and thinks chiefly of what is most immediate and what offers him the greatest material advantages. But looking at the historical transformation of German life in its entirety, this has a certain value. The

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German worker will never resist National Socialism because of any idealistic opposition or sectarian fanaticism, for he lets himself be convinced by facts, by results, and by obvious material advantages. Here is National Socialism's great opportunity to make headway among the older generation of the working class, but if it can accomplish nothing in that quarter it will certainly make progress with young workers who follow its banners whole-heartedly without preconceptions.

What is the secret of this success? From the revolutionary watchwords of the Marxists to the gentle complaints of the Catholic Socialists, every doctrine inherited from the nineteenth century tried to take advantage of the condition of Wedding to create a new Germany. Then National Socialism appeared. It was unlike all the other ideologies, since they were based on the fundamental concept of society and National Socialism set forth a new point of view which took as its point of departure the people and the nation. What used to be considered a social crisis became a popular national crisis, and when National Socialism started forward from this point of view it halted a process that was leading to decay. The German proletariat, if that word may still be used, is beginning vaguely to understand the entirely new possibilities that the National-Socialist solution offers. What was once a social question now appears as a psychological question, although the economic character of the problem is by no means forgotten.

It might be possible, making the necessary reservations, to speak of a German miracle in Wedding. For it seems incredible that the most active business street in the district now presents a picture of peace and order. The last shift has just returned from Siemens, General Electric, Bergmann, and the rest. Crowds are pouring through the streets, pressing against the show windows of the shops; bargains are offered; purchases made. There is a faint air of hilarity. A police patrol of five men rides along the Müllerstrasse, but this slight precaution is enough. A year ago police were all over the place and there was more than one riot to quell.

There are no more robberies, no more fights, no more wild demonstrations. A crowd gathers in a side street, where a branch of the 'Winter Relief' opens during the afternoon. Inside people are sitting expectantly at long tables with their application blanks all prepared. Outside dozens of people stand and look through the open window to see whether there are any empty seats, and an old party official wearing a brown shirt under his civilian coat stands at the door, handing application blanks to those who wish to fill them out at home. There can be no doubt that here, too, National Socialism is yielding results that no newspaper, no pamphlet, no propaganda parade, no oration has ever yet been able to attain, and this fact alone justifies the National-Socialist Revolution even in the eyes of the former participants in class war.

When the night edition and latest extra appear in the window of the local newsagent, curiosity seekers gather, for there are always big headlines on the front page announcing 'New Secret Store of Arms Discovered' or 'Torgler Cross-questioned.' Many people do not buy a

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newspaper any more. They cannot afford the evening edition but they discuss what is going on. Nobody minds if someone in the invisible background proclaims in a loud, ironic undertone, 'Secret underground Communist organization discovered.' The speaker is apparently convinced that nothing of the sort has happened or, if it has, that it makes no difference.

What of it? Now and then in the morning, someone may happen to see a notice written on a piece of paper torn out of an old copy book and surrounded with a bright border, proclaiming; 'Release Torgler!' But such trivial signs of life make it clear that Communism is dead and buried. And dead it is, for the masses no longer support such actions and expect nothing from them. Those who still lounge about the streets with their shirts open, their caps on the backs of their heads, cigarettes in their mouths, and hands in their pockets, are listening to loud speakers in radio shops. Perhaps two or three truckloads of Storm Troopers may pass through the Müllerstrasse singing songs and waving flags on their way to a meeting. Perhaps, when that happens, only a single hand is raised in the Hitler salute, but it would certainly be a mistake to believe that this lack of enthusiasm means hostility. One fact overshadows everything else here: to wit, that the great majority of the masses are completely unpolitical. This has always been the case, and now the forced abstinence from political activity has merely increased the number of the unpolitical.

It is important to remember that on Sunday evening one still finds the same types that always appeared in Wedding and that in this respect the district has hardly changed. Here are the same representatives of that white-collar class that is halfway between the proletariat and the real middle class—clerks, subordinate officials, the younger generation of this class and of the class above them, people whose more active contemporaries have long been serving side by side with the Storm Troopers and the Party, young men who still find pleasure in taking their girls out of an evening, sitting about in cafés and concert halls, or dancing.

IV

The larger transformations that have occurred outside the proletariat have not manifested themselves here. Such changes are more evident in two other quarters, which had long been subjected to pressure from below and had encountered Marxist hostility—the Church and the bourgeoisie. What happened in a Wedding parish was typical. During the Church elections of 1932, ten men were elected to form a 'positive fighting front' against the German Christians, but at the last Church election, on the other hand, the German Christians received one hundred per cent of all the votes and offices.

Here, too, the principal mission of National Socialism was to break down all the old conflicts. One of the first achievements of the new Church was to hold a mass marriage ceremony of one hundred and thirty-six couples, most of them non-churchgoers. Three hundred dissenters have returned to church in this community during the course of the past year. Nothing reveals the sociological significance of what has been happening so clearly

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as the fact that the Gothic structure on the Weddingplatz, which according to Marxist ideology merely represented a cultural creation of the petty bourgeoisie, has now become the shrine of the new National-Socialist popular community.

All these changes must be related to the new enthusiasm that has seized the middle class as a result of the transformation wrought by National Socialism. The middle-class elements in the proletarian quarter have grown stronger in spite of the competition of the big Jewish department stores, of which there are still a good many in Wedding and on the Müllerstrasse. It is also significant that in this working-class quarter there have long been two boys' high schools and a humanistic school.

Such is Wedding to-day, which is best described in the words of the newspaperman on Nettelbeckplatz: 'In the morning on the Nettelbeckplatz there are always about seventy people who buy the *Völkischer Beobachter*. A great many people in Wedding read the *Völkischer Beobachter* and the *Angriff*. When the *Welt Am Abend*, a former Communist boulevard paper, reappeared, many copies were purchased, but only on the first day. It has retained perhaps one-sixth of its former readers. The *Morgenpost*, a former left-wing democratic newspaper, still sells best on the street. The former bourgeois national press has little influence in Wedding. Men who used to vote for the left-wing parties do not read the former organs of those parties now that they have been leveled down, but the National-Socialist fighting press has proved its superiority in those circles that are most susceptible to its propaganda. This is not the only sign, but it is an obvious and good sign, that the working class is being incorporated into the new State.'

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Persons and Personages

Men around Stalin

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-language Daily

THE Moscow correspondent of the *Sozialistische Boten*, whose description of how Stalin lives and works we recently reproduced, devotes his latest dispatch to a description of the dictator's closest collaborators. The most important of these are the members of the Politbureau, which is entirely composed of Stalin's creatures now that members of the Right opposition have been displaced. Only Molotov occasionally dares to express his own opinion and to oppose Stalin. The result is that relations between these two men are no longer as close as they were when they were fighting together against the opposition.

The Politbureau is formally chosen by the Central Committee of the Communist Party as its executive organ. Actually, however, the Central Committee has lost its control over the Politbureau. The elected members are now outnumbered by those named by Stalin. The appointments to the Politbureau of Akulov, new chief federal attorney, of Prokofiev, head of all the political divisions relating to agriculture, and of Yevdokimov, new leader of the militia, or metropolitan police, show that Stalin is endeavoring to win over the leading figures in the state administration and to place them under his control. In consequence, the Politbureau now exercises some of the functions of the Council of People's Commissars.

Stalin has paid special attention to members of the Party Secretariat, the two most important being his own 'representatives,' Kaganovich and Postishev. Postishev, 'second representative of the general secretary,' is devoted to Stalin and incapable of betraying his master. He is a Siberian worker, now forty years of age, and it is he who organized the uprising in Amur against the Japanese, hatred of Japan being the outstanding quality of his otherwise obscure political activity. This rather phlegmatic man can become excited, however, when he discusses the events of 1918 and 1922. When the question arose in 1930 and 1931 of withdrawing the Red Army from the Far East without resorting to struggle, it was Postishev who opposed this plan. His weakness is his love of alcohol, yet Stalin remains devoted to him because, although he mistrusts almost everyone else, he is convinced of Postishev's loyalty.

Kaganovich, Stalin's 'first representative,' is a very different character. Although the dictator must know that this man's devotion does

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not come from the heart, as Postishev's does, but is controlled by his judgment, and that Kaganovich might leave him in the lurch at a critical moment, he has confidence in him and has made him the real head of the Party administration, the organization to which Stalin owes his victory over Trotski and Rykov. Kaganovich earned the dictator's confidence by his unwavering loyalty. His political utterances have never swerved from the line laid down by Stalin, and in all his speeches he has made himself the interpreter of Stalin's ideas. 'I am only Stalin's shadow,' Kaganovich explains modestly. Actually, however, he plays a highly influential rôle.

Likewise a man of forty, Kaganovich is not an easy character to see through. He is typically the intellectual, self-made man who calls himself a worker, though the only work he ever did was in a leather factory during the War—in order not to be drafted. His career since the beginning of the Revolution has moved at breakneck speed. He began as chairman of the Executive Committee in Nizhni-Novgorod and then became State Commissar for the bread supply in Simbirsk, where his rough methods led to a mass uprising of the peasants. He then became Party Secretary in Ukraine, and to-day, besides his post in the Party Secretariat and his position as Secretary of the Moscow Party Committee, he is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Moscow Soviet, chief in command of the collective farm movement, and holds several other offices as well. His capacity for work is inexhaustible; yet he has always kept his own personality in the background and has refused any elaborate recognition that might arouse the envy of the dictator. There can be no doubt whatever that his influence on Stalin is very great and that he knows how to bring Stalin around to share his own views.

Besides Kaganovich and Postishev, two other people close to Stalin must be numbered among the real rulers of Russia, Yeshov and Stezki. Yeshov is the head of the Orgraspred, that is, the department of the Party responsible for all appointments and dismissals of Party members except those occupying the highest posts. The power of this department is very great, and a summons to the Orgraspred makes every Communist tremble. Overnight he may have to pack up his things and take up some thankless task in a remote part of the huge country. Yeshov is a former metal worker, hardly bigger than a dwarf, with malicious little eyes, a squeaky voice, and a sharp tongue. Even at the summit of power he has preserved his hatred against all 'well-born' people and especially against the intellectuals. He radiates ill-will when he informs one of the Party intellectuals to depart for some remote province.

Stezki, on the other hand, is the Russian Goebbels and is head of the Kultprop. He himself is a member of the intelligentsia, has long been a pupil of Bukharin, and has made himself a 'Red professor.' He is not a character. He began his career along with Stalin, and he was the first man

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to bring the dictator the news of Bukharin's opposition. To-day he has command over the whole Party press and controls the entire propaganda work. He hires and fires editors. Under his leadership a control board issues daily dispatches on the general political situation in behalf of the Party Secretariat. Stezki also serves as political director of the writers' association over which Maxim Gorki presides. He is a young, short, blond fellow with a very democratic bearing. He is always very simple and dresses carelessly. Only on special occasions, such as the visit of Herriot, does he put on a good suit. He is always a charming conversationalist and a glib maker of promises. He does not like to harbor hatred in his heart, and he earnestly explains that the revolution has not yet accomplished all its aims. 'But did all of us expect it to?'

André Malraux

By Léon Pierre-Quint

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

NOT since they gave the Prix Goncourt to Marcel Proust have the members of this Academy placed the laurel wreath upon the head of so important a writer as André Malraux. *La Condition humaine* is not only the best novel published by any of the younger writers in 1933; Malraux himself is one of the most gifted and most sincere writers who have appeared in print since the War. By his culture, by his impassioned nature and his love of heroism, by his desire for goodness, which is always an indication of intelligence, he has succeeded in giving his personality a very definite place not only among the writers of his own generation but also among his elders.

André Malraux was born in Paris in 1901. At the age of twenty he went to Indo-China. Although almost nothing of his had appeared in print at that time, various friends and critics were lending him their support. Such an expression of confidence might have suffocated the young artist: many others of whom too much was expected have suffered that fate. His first work, an essay, *La Tentation de l'Occident*, reached only a very limited circle of readers.

But André Malraux was to return to the Far East. He studied the Asiatic character at first hand. He came to know an infinite variety of types, Chinese nationalists, revolutionists, anarchists, terrorists, among whom were various secret emissaries from Europe, Slavs or Anglo-Saxons, and official representatives of Occidental governments. A land exploited by the makers of new social theories, a land of contraband and corruption, a country in the clutches of politics, shrewd business men,

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and powerful industrialists, such is the China that we see through Malraux's two chief novels, *Les Conquérants* and *La Condition humaine*.

In Paris André Malraux became art editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, to which he has contributed a great deal. He it was who brought Greco-Buddhist art to the fore in a much discussed exhibit. In literature he has upheld the boldest experimentalists, Lawrence for example, and he has spoken very effectively in favor of the persecuted German writers.

He is tall and slender, with a sharply cut, angular face. His quick, nervous movements express determination. One feels in his glance an intense ardor ruled by a rare intelligence. An excellent orator, he can capture his audience with one or two sentences that never fail to hit the bull's eye.

At a time when so many novelists are devoting themselves to traditional descriptions of the family or to peasant groups during the past century, André Malraux has resolutely placed himself in the very midst of our epoch. In foreign countries, especially in the Balkans where there has been so much interest in French literature, André Malraux is one of the favorite younger novelists.

Violent revolt is the driving force in his works, especially in *Les Conquérants*. Garine revolts against his superiors, against China where he is staying, against Occidental and Oriental society, against the fundamental premises of life. Often Malraux speaks of the Infinite Nil in a manner reminiscent of Ecclesiastes: 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Youth is all too short. Eyes lose their ardor and teeth fall out. He who has not enjoyed the good things of this earth may consider himself duped. But pleasure is not an end in itself. We must have a faith, even if we are faithless to it. Thus it is that Garine decides to consecrate himself to the Russian cause. To give one's self the illusion of faith in order to have an excuse for action, such is his point of view. He knows that absolute revolt leads to renunciation or to suicide. In spite of the despair deep within his soul he has accepted life without questioning and he acts primarily because of a thirst for enjoyment. Here is the explanation of the innumerable short bits of quick-moving narrative that we find within Malraux's novels and in his violent, cynical, terrible stories that are told in a style so compact and cutting as to appear almost elliptical; it is this that makes his characters so human and so unique.

La Condition humaine hurls us into the agitation of our epoch. But as the action takes place in China geographical distance compensates for temporal proximity and allows the author to attain truly epic grandeur. This novel presents at the start an episode from the Soviet Revolution in China and the story of an abortive revolt. It is the tragic struggle between the fighters who are ready to sacrifice their lives and party dele-

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gates who would do nothing but obey the orders from headquarters. In the opening pages a terrorist does away with a man who hinders the actions of the party, killing him with his own hands. And this murder, which he does through a sense of duty, will haunt him forever. I can think of no one outside of Dostoievski who has evoked murder in all its physical horror with such harrowing violence.

This special gift of André Malraux's is magnificently put to use in his descriptions of the civil war. The cruelty, the rage of the fighters, the pity, the fear of death, the horror of physical suffering and of torture, the excitement of battle, all attain a degree of precision that makes Malraux a unique writer.

One feels that André Malraux has the deepest sympathy for those men who have sacrificed their lives to action in the hope of attaining the ecstasy of a life intensely lived. What fascinates Malraux is not so much their thoughts as the connection between their thoughts and their deeds. He tries to discover to what extent the idea is responsible for the action and what joy they find in feeling themselves outside the pale of the law, at the edge of the precipice, but within sight of dominating and regenerating the world. The springs of the soul drive these people on, some of them highly cultured, some of them barbaric, to a state of exaltation that can be compared to that of the great mystics. And the author makes us see that it is at such moments that passion comes into absolute being. Malraux's novels are magnificent poems of love and death.

Alexandra David-Neel

By B. R. F.

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

An elaborate procession marches through the darkness, pine torches flicker through the forest night, and more and more of them keep coming into view. Long before any human beings appear the twinkle of lights can be seen. The procession is led by men carrying basins in which aromatic herbs are being burned on glowing coals. The vapor that rises from them weaves its way under the tree tops in long misty trails, as if an army of ghosts were on its way.

In the midst of the company walks a woman dressed in the garments of a high priestess. Black glowing eyes look out of a deep brown face. When her gaze falls on any of the shadowy figures about her, they cast their eyes on the ground. Thus does she give them her blessing.

This nighttime celebration occurs in Tibet, the forbidden land of religion. But the lady lama is not an Asiatic. She is none other than the

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European authoress, Alexandra David-Neel who is on a 'journey through Tibet by secret paths,' for this is the sub-title of her new book, *Monks and Bushriders*. Alexandra David-Neel is that amazing woman who made her way to Lhasa disguised as an *aryopa*, or mendicant pilgrim. She was risking her life since no unbeliever is allowed admittance to the holy city of the 'Living God,' known as the Dalai-Lama. Not long ago this extraordinary woman wrote another book, *Magic and Mystery in Tibet*, in which she revealed the secrets of Lamaism. This book aroused the public, the press, and German scholarship. Now Alexandra David-Neel continues her literary career with *Monks and Bushriders*.

Every explorer has some purpose, real or theoretical. One man is a geographer, another a student of natural history. Alexandra David-Neel collects various expressions of the human spirit and is trying to penetrate the secret of the world. Philosophy and religion, the spiritual and the elemental, the natural acts of Lamaistic magicians, the ecstasy of mystics, that is the field that she cultivates with incredible industry and unflagging patience.

The peasants and shepherds of Tibet are an utterly unique race of men. They are a people of legends and faith, even of superstition. The Tibetans have penetrated the world of imagination and religion so completely that they hardly seem to be creatures of flesh and blood.

These pious people regard Alexandra David-Neel as a *khadoma*, because she knows their religious teachings completely and therefore enjoys the confidence of the 'Living God.' A khadoma literally means 'one who goes to heaven' and refers to a feminine spirit that has temporarily taken human form. The enlightened scholar does not contradict this faith of the Tibetan too vigorously, for it makes his investigations much easier. To-day this half-Asiatic woman as she calls herself, perhaps seriously, perhaps sardonically, is no longer convinced, so strong is the force of habit, that the ancient beliefs of the Tibetans are not true. And this is easy enough to understand in a woman who habitually plays a *kangling*, a magic flute made out of a human thigh bone and wears a chain of little bones from human skulls around her neck.

But the people are even more completely wrapped in their transcendental ideas. The authoress meets a peasant who keeps in a little box a twig from a raven's nest. He calls it a *dipshing*, that is to say, a magic twig that has the power of conferring invisibility. The devout peasant then performs a wonderful experiment before the eyes of this amazed visitor to show her which one of a great many carefully assembled twigs possesses special qualities, but to his sorrow the experiment fails. Here is another instance of the religious fervor of the Tibetans. When the lady traveler tells the devout peasants with whom she is spending an evening about the life of Buddha, they sigh piously and wistfully and wish that

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they could pass on to another life by taking an equally devout path themselves.

The khadoma is in great demand among the natives because of the spiritual and medicinal help she brings. This is not easy, for all sick people strenuously refuse the ministrations of a foreign healer. It is believed that any unfortunate man who submits to such treatment will be plagued to death by the consequences of evil healing. As soon as any unholy doctor acquires the reputation of concocting diabolical poisons, his career is over. For that reason the authoress always blesses her medicines before using them and transforms quinine and aspirin tablets into 'pellets of long life,' which is what her devout peasants ask for. She breathes on the back of a rheumatic to heal him and certainly hastens the recovery of sick people by such methods.

But this high lama lady knows other tricks. When anyone speaks contemptuously of her, she leans back in her stirrups on her donkey, utters a curse, makes a couple of magic passes in the air, and spits three times in the direction of the evil doer, who recoils in deathly terror. Here is the other side of Tibetan piety, and anyone who is unscrupulous enough can gain tremendous power over this harmless folk. To the credit of the authoress be it said that she never played a single hoax on the childlike credulity of the natives simply for the fun of the thing. Superficially, the book, *Monks and Bushriders*, seems like a mad harlequinade, but closer scrutiny shows that it lives up to these lofty words of the woman who wrote it: 'The best moral precept for us poor mortals is to preserve the noble virtue of mutual sympathy.' The khadoma, Alexandra David-Neel, is certainly not spirit incarnate, but she possesses a spirit that makes the reader understand why she was so highly revered in the 'land of religion.'

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The foremost literary figure in modern France—Jules Romains, author of *Men of Good Will*—is interviewed closely by the editor of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*.

An Hour *with* Jules Romains

By Frédéric Lefèvre

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

VOLUMES V and VI of *Hommes de bonne volonté* definitely place Jules Romains in the first rank of great European novelists. There is an obvious parallel between *Les Superbes* and *Les Humbles*, but it has nothing forced or superficial about it. The parallel arises from life itself, which Jules Romains observes and translates with a scrupulous regard for every nuance. Roughly speaking, the superb ones are the Dionysians, the lovers of life, all those whose dominant passion is, or seems to be, the will to conquest, the will to power. In order for a man to remain in the proud family of the superb ones, life must not make it absolutely impossible for him to exercise his will to power. The humble ones are those who love renouncement and are resigned: whether this resignation is the fruit of temperament, native indecision, or pity for their fellow men, whether it is imposed on them by the extreme severity of material conditions that do not leave them enough strength to fight adversity, or whether, finally, it is an attitude that they have acquired under the influence of moral or religious doctrines.

Such a classification has nothing rigid or a priori about it. The humble ones may wake up some fine morning inflated with a sense of the superb, whereas a sudden disaster may overwhelm the superb ones forever, softening them, causing them to renounce action and the development of their personalities, which they know can commit transgressions that are widely harmful. Subject to these reservations there remain two great spiritual families, one of which unquestionably bears the mark of Nietzsche, the other the mark of Jesus, though in the Orient, with Buddhism, the problem is a different one.

A great condottiere dominates the first volume, *Les Superbes*. He is Haverkamp, whom we have already

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met in the earlier volumes. In *Les Humbles*, the ravishing figure of a Catholic priest appears, abbé Jeanne, a saint. The pages describing the universe of abbé Jeanne are among the most beautiful and moving of the entire work. They are as beautiful as anything that Romains has ever written and will certainly occupy a place in future anthologies.

In the sixth volume, we again encounter little Bastide, the child with the hoop, and his family. These chapters show an understanding of the inner cares and anxieties of a working-class family to a rare degree. Better than any one before him, Jules Romains has understood the nobility of a certain kind of poverty courageously accepted, a poverty that is not misery but that sometimes knows the agony of misery, when the head of the family loses his job, for instance.

Jules Romains has been accused of practising too self-conscious an art, even of lacking sensibility. He has been called more intelligent than artistic, but these two volumes make such a reproach impossible. We understand better than ever how childish it is to draw sharp lines between our various faculties, as if intelligence at its extreme point were not transformed into sensibility. Has n't it been rightly said that lack of imagination makes for a hard heart? It might be said with equal assurance that an understanding of people and of the events that have forced them to be what they are is not a bad preparation for knowing how to love them. A little intelligence repels love; a great deal of intelligence invites it. Jules Romains furnishes in these two books a magnificent illustration of the truth of this axiom.

I met Jules Romains during one of his brief visits to Paris. He was leaving for Norway and Denmark. 'Why,' I asked him, 'have you, who travel so much, never utilized your trips more directly and described them or commented on them? Don't you take notes? Or is it that you travel purely for your own pleasure?'

'Except for a few brief articles I do not publish descriptions of my travels. I have scruples on the subject. I have always been afraid of not knowing enough about the countries which I might describe, even those that I have had occasion to visit several times. And yet I realize that foreigners themselves lead us into temptation. Every time I go abroad I am obliged to defend myself against journalists who try to extract definite opinions from me about their country. The situation sometimes becomes comical. I never felt this more acutely than the day I arrived in New York and set foot on the dock. It was about six o'clock in the morning, and I was getting off a French boat. My personal experience with America was therefore still at the zero mark. Nevertheless, this did not prevent a dozen reporters from throwing themselves upon me, and the most agile of them at once asked me this burning question, "What do you think of American women?"

'"At least wait until to-morrow morning," I replied, and he wrote it down very seriously.

'But even though I do not turn my travels to any immediate use, I feel that many things in my work have been born as a result of travel. The impressions and experiences that I have gathered, the feeling that I have formed, little by little, of each nation, of each big capital, of the atmosphere

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of each civilization, reappears without premeditation on my part when summoned by the movement of one of my books.'

II

'I have not forgotten Sammécaud's visit to London and how happily you conveyed to your readers the atmosphere of the English capital. During these trips you must have had conversations with a good many foreign politicians.'

'I have met some of the leaders of the Germany of yesterday. I was also introduced to certain reactionary circles where a very different tradition prevailed: these men helped me to understand modern Germany. Especially they enabled me to realize that the appeals for Franco-German agreement that have come from the Third Reich are not without sincerity. I also approached various leaders in central Europe: Beneš, for instance, whom I both like and admire, and who is one of the most open and important spirits of our time. Monsignor Seipel was a great figure in his own way. Horthy, the Regent of Hungary, is a very curious man, whose appearance and voice are not readily forgotten. Since the time of the *Ateneo*, I have been on friendly terms with many of the makers of the new Spain. I saw them again last May in those Madrid palaces that they were occupying with smiling modesty, as if to excuse themselves for the traditional luxury that surrounded them.'

'And have you also met French politicians? I mean those who are characters in your novels, as well as those who occupy positions of power to-day, and those who will be in power to-morrow.'

'Yes, I have known the men whom I have described in my novels, although in some cases, as with Clemenceau, there was never any personal relationship. In respect to Jaurès, he cannot have been too inaccurately presented since one of his oldest friends, E. Vandervelde, wrote an article in the *Dépêche de Toulouse* praising the prodigious resemblance of the portrait. I also know that Joseph Caillaux was not too dissatisfied with the rapid sketch I made of him. Among those whom I have not put into *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*, at least whom I have not yet put into it, I know a good many, especially those who have held and hold responsible positions—Painlevé, Herriot, Caillaux, Paul-Boncour, Daladier, Albert Sarraut, de Monzie, Delbos, Emile Borel and Antoine Borrel, Georges Bonnet, Laurent-Eynac, Camille Chautemps, Jean Piot, and a dozen others. Some of them are close friends.

'Partly as a result of my own reflections but also because of my knowledge of such men I have never been able to share the opinion of certain writers, notably Paul Valéry, who lately told the Congress for European Coöperation that politics are an inferior form of activity and that politicians share this inferiority. One can pass such a judgment only if one is utterly ignorant of the profound psychology of the politician and of the political drama. Of course, there are mediocre people in politics as everywhere else: men of great genius are extremely rare. But we must not forget that political genius demands a rare combination of practical and speculative genius.'

'Do you feel that there is any statesman of genius in Europe to-day?'

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'Yes, after full reflection and allowing for all the reservations that you can imagine a man like myself would make, I believe that there is at least one statesman of genius—Mussolini.'

'And does France have any political geniuses?'

'A truly great genius? Perhaps, but if such a man does exist he has not yet shown himself clearly, either because he has never had a free hand or because he belongs to a new political generation that has not yet revealed its true stature.'

'You are alluding to the Neo-Socialists, are n't you? Do you know them? In any case, they have all read your *Problèmes Européens* attentively, and their speeches at the last congress were full of it.'

'I am greatly interested in the activities of the Neo-Socialists and in the efforts of those who are trying to frame a new doctrine which will use Marxism as a work of reference or foundation, but not as a Bible. I have repeatedly been told that the chapters of *Problèmes Européens* to which you allude have interested the defenders of the pure Marxist tradition, those who have demanded that the Neo-Socialists be pitilessly excluded, quite as much as they have interested the Neo-Socialists themselves.'

'Caillaux has also read *Problèmes Européens*. He spoke of it at length in our last conversation. Has Daladier read it?'

'I doubt if he has found the time in recent months, but it is certainly not because he lacks intellectual curiosity.

'The present crisis is almost equally moral, political, and economic. Each element appears partly as cause and partly as effect. The moral crisis would not be so intense, especially in certain countries near France, were it not aggravated by the economic crisis, and the economic crisis itself would not be what it is were there not profound moral perturbations that originated in the War and that have lived on. The remedy, if any exists, and if human wisdom can administer it, would have to be like certain modern medical treatments that attack a disease from several different points at once. Moreover, the men in command of the modern world are quite aware of this, even in the confused beginnings they sometimes make.

'Look, for instance, at the way the Germans are trying to deal simultaneously with morality, politics, and economics. They are perhaps mistaken in the value they attribute to their remedies, but not in the urgent need for action from every point at once. Are n't you struck by the feverish haste with which certain great healers or pretended healers like Hitler and Franklin Roosevelt have acted? This haste is certainly due to forebodings of catastrophe in our modern world. But let us take care not to conclude that slower causes, more patient methods of healing, have lost all their advantage.'

III

'Have n't the abandonment of many Christian virtues and the decline of the authority of Catholicism helped to precipitate the present disaster? You certainly have an opinion of your own, for the rôle the priest plays in the sixth volume of *Hommes de bonne volonté* leaves no doubt about your preoccupations on this score.'

'I have given an important place to Catholicism in Volume VI, but up to the present time I have considered the

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question by placing myself inside a Catholic conscience. To-day, as always, there is a personal, mystic aspect to Catholicism as well as a socio-political one. Both are frequently misunderstood. Up to now I have merely sketched out the latter aspect. In a sense I have maintained respect for the authoritative order of values. Before it is a political and social attitude, before it is a temporal system of influence or even of government, Catholicism, we must never forget, is an intimate state of being, a system of spiritual facts, a style of the inner life, and, in certain cases, of the mystic life.'

'Yet in Volume V there are very precise allusions to the temporal policy of the Church, to the influence that it exerts, and even to the rivalries that it conceals.'

'True. Furthermore, the rhythm of my novels is conceived in such a way that I am obliged to make everything move together. I have not wanted people to lose sight of both the interior and exterior aspects of the Church, but it is on the inner, purely religious, and even mystical element that I have placed most emphasis.

'The mysticism of *Quand le navire* is not Catholic but there is a profound resemblance between all mystical methods. Every mystical experience aids one to penetrate others. I was not content with the memories that a fever-tormented, Catholic childhood left me; I also tried to acquire some experience with what we might call, for simplicity's sake, mystical states, or the mystical life. I believe that no external acquaintance with religious behavior enables us to penetrate into that universe if we have not explored it subjectively.'

'If I have rightly understood *Quand le navire* the underlying theme is that a profound experience of love can, in certain cases, lead to a mystical state, to a vision, and to mystical power.'

'Certainly, and you also must have felt a certain presence of love throughout Volume VI of *Hommes de bonne volonté*, especially the kind of love that is closer to charity than to possession.'

'Yes, all that struck me very deeply, but I was perhaps even more interested in the precise, minute, complete knowledge of business and the world of affairs that you display in Volumes V and VI.'

'For twenty-five years I have accumulated experiences that I have tried to render as direct and diverse as possible, experiences that include not only business, but every department of life. People have had their doubts up to now, because in this sphere, as in many others, I have not been impatient. When I learned a thing, when I explored a milieu, when I gave myself up to any experience, I did not cry out at once from the housetops. Thus I amassed a store of experiences from which I have drawn but little in my previous work. As far as business is concerned, I tried to initiate myself by going into it myself. I observed the men that I came into contact with, and even when I had to defy them or regard them as my adversaries I put myself in their place and tried to see things from their point of view and to want the issue to come out as they did. Moreover, my friends included a certain number of important business men. I have participated in their conversations, I have heard them discussing among themselves. I have approached them in their moments of relaxation, when they cease manœuvr-

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ing and they give themselves up to pleasure, which they enjoy as much as anyone else. And I have thus heard them reveal themselves, comment on themselves, and express their view of the world.

'Finally, in respect to business technique I have never ceased familiarizing myself with it by reading, not popular but specialized reading, reports of boards of directors, technical bulletins, lawyers' briefs, and confidential circulars. In general, most of my reading for many years has been of a documentary kind, in the larger sense. I try, in so far as it is possible, for quality, if not for quantity, of information concerning various modern activities of our time. If you add to this my constant preoccupation since my youth with keeping my scientific and philosophic culture up to date, with keeping in touch with new principles and theories that are discovered, with never remaining too far behind the times in my knowledge of important questions, you see that this constitutes a considerable task and that it might take most of the time that I do not devote to actual work.

'Without being lazy, I have a certain horror of excessive regularity in intellectual work. It seems to me contrary to the superior principle, I might even say to the almost supernatural and divine principle, that is inherent in such work. I like to work in a state of grace. I like to yield to caprice, not to force myself to sit down at my desk when I do not feel like it. But the very dimensions of my task have constrained me severely. A primary measure was to shorten my stays in Paris, which I love very much, as you know, but where, perhaps because I love it too much, I am incapable of shutting myself up on a continuous job and refusing a thousand often earnest, often agreeable, invitations. I therefore pass a good part of the year, both summer and winter, in Touraine, at Grandcour, where you had the kindness to come and see me.

'At Grandcour I have had little difficulty in removing all sources of distraction. I have no telephone. I receive but one mail a day. I see no neighbors. My only escape from work consists in a few brisk walks or automobile rides, during which I continue to think about my work. Or sometimes I spend an hour at the end of an afternoon in one of those good old cafés of Tours, such as we visited together, where I read the newspapers while an orchestra of Viennese ladies in vaguely Tyrolese costumes played Strauss and Suppé. Thus I spend extremely long days of work, from eight-thirty in the morning until midnight. What is of primary importance to me is continuity of thought: it is living ten hours on end in the same scene or in the same character. Unlike some people I do not need the excitement that distraction, diversion, even unhappiness provide.

IV

'The plans for the various volumes of *Hommes de bonne volonté* were laid down before I wrote the first volume, but when I finish each volume I return to its plan and rearrange the details a little. I make additions and modifications as need be. In appearance, my plans are not very detailed. They contain a certain number of landmarks, each one of which corresponds in my mind to a detailed vision of characters and events. I never make a single version for all of one volume. I may begin a page over again, sometimes even a

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whole chapter. As soon as I begin to write a great part of my work is already done, in so far as the movement of a chapter is concerned, and even the turns of phrase. Days when I am well disposed, I seldom need to correct more than a word or two per page. But it also happens that on other days a whole page seems bad, that I encounter difficulties of expression that I had not measured or foreseen. My principle is never to avoid a difficulty, never to go round it. I work by following the line of most resistance, or, what I call in my personal language, *marcher au canon*. Such pages are covered with corrections, even with corrected corrections, sometimes more than fifty to a page. I am not satisfied when I have expressed exactly what I mean to say, but only when these pages offer the reader the same facility, the same lack of effort and freedom from obstacle that the easily written pages do. My essential attempt is to attain unity. I do not want the public ever to perceive the effort that has gone into one page or another. That, in my opinion, is the "finish" of a work.'

The Red Square, Moscow

(Lenin Loquitur)

By R. V. V.

From the *Spectator*, London

I USED this life for what it is,
—A field for economic strife.
I knew there was no second life
And there is nothing that I miss.
What would I ask for, more than this?
I took Reality to wife,
She gave me what I asked—a knife
Whose edge was sweeter than a kiss.
Faith dropped, I played for Truth instead;
Fancy I told to disappear.
(Deal the cards well, when you begin;
The hand that holds the trumps will win.)
Has Fancy gone? Or is she here?
Folk come to look upon me, dead.

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This story by the winner of the Théophraste-Renaudot Prize for 1933 introduces a new French author to America.

A CASE *of* Conscience

By CHARLES BRAIBANT

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris Literary Monthly

WHEN our master Eugène Philippot died a few years before the War, science and virtue went into mourning. His works on the architecture of the ecclesiastical district of Reims had made his name renowned among archæologists the world over. He had contributed much toward proving that Gothic art came into being about 1120 in the Ile de France, the Valois, and the Beauvaisis, those patches of gold that grew larger and larger with the passing centuries, eating away the green immensity of the forest primeval. Thanks to such work as his we can now speak of 'French art' when we refer to the stone masterpieces of the Middle Ages.

Philippot had no rival in analyzing the projection of an arch or in dating and dissecting a church. His power of observation, his visual memory, and especially his scientific scrupulousness were proverbial. A sense of beauty, however, played no part in his nature. 'Archæology,' he used to say, 'is the art of dating buildings.' No more, no less. He remained calm and composed before the angels of Reims and the nave of Chartres.

But that was as it should be. An archæologist touched by the muses would lose his principal qualities, because stone, for whose true knowledge such profound study is necessary, embraces, crushes, possesses, just as the earth possesses the peasant, and the flesh possesses the lover. To appreciate the beauty of cathedrals, of fields, and of women one needs the detachment of the artist or the poet.

Eugène followed the traditions of his family and was a right-thinking man. If the truth were known, not all the Philippots had been good Christians, for the founder of this bourgeois dynasty had torn himself away from the soil, which he humbly plowed with his horse, and acquired the property of the routed monks. But that was

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Eugène's great-grandfather, and the two intermediate generations had become all the more snugly infolded in the lap of the Church. The archæologist was a sincere Catholic and, it should be added, a worthy man.

II

His family house was situated in the hollow of one of those beautiful valleys that lie outspread among the flat, heavy plateaux of the Soissons district. It had been built by a pupil of Gabriel at the time when the fountainhead of Greek art was cleansed of all Roman impurity. The lines of this beautiful dwelling ruled magnificently over motionless pools, in which one could see white islands of cloudstuff gliding.

Eugène Philippot's great-grandfather had bought this little château with the spoils of the clerics and the monks. It was here that the archæologist spent the greater part of his life. He was happy in the Soissons countryside, where in times gone by every parish displayed the wholesome grace of a Roman portico, a forerunner of the pointed arch, or a bishop's seat built during the best period of 'French art,' that is, between the third crusade and the knighthood of Saint Louis. Although less ancient, the peasants' humble homes were equally touching with their graded pignons and tangled vine arbors. Low as they were, they seemed proud to have been built of stone from the Soissons and Laon plateaux, which have furnished the material for so many masterpieces. Noble country, which we did not know so well, perhaps, and for whose devastation we now feel the same regret that we do for some dead dear one whom we fear we did not love enough.

III

The last years of Eugène Philippot's life were overshadowed by two great sorrows, the second of which proved fatal.

His wife, who forsook this life for a better one at the age of twenty-eight, left him a son and a daughter. The boy had no sooner reached his twentieth year than he brought shame upon his father's head by declaring himself a Social Democrat: the soul of the Jacobite ancestor seemed to have been reborn in him. He would eat sausage in public on Good Friday with citizen Pouillard, the Antichrist of the neighborhood, and neither he nor his father knew whether he did this out of convictions or ambition. But the fact remains that having managed to get himself appointed state councilor he seemed destined to represent in the Chamber of Deputies the party of the masons, the Jews, and the foreigners.

Having cursed his worthless son, Eugène Philippot lavished all his affection on his second child, Yvonne. She was the loveliest girl in three counties. She had white skin, almond eyes, and splendid brown hair with a few shining strands of bronze, which blended into a beauty that only an archæologist could fail to notice. Eugène always thought of her as a child and let her grow up, never thinking that it was high time to find her a Christian husband. For several years he had worried about her: she seemed to be neglecting her religious duties and her natural violence appeared to be establishing itself very definitely as a part of her character.

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But suddenly she returned to the straight and narrow path. On week days she would spend long hours in the parish church, training her beautiful contralto voice for Sunday mass and for the great feast days. Especially during vacation time did she devote herself to this pious exercise. Jacques Clerval, a young schoolboy whose family owned a château in the neighborhood and who had the heart and the ear of a true-born musician, used to accompany her on the organ.

IV

One summer afternoon, wanting to sketch the outline of a certain molding in the belfry, Eugène went to the church with Yvonne. They found Jacques at the organ. The archæologist, who had not seen him since the year before, hardly recognized him, so much had he grown. Being less skillful in dating adolescents than churches, he asked the boy if he were not nearly fifteen. Jacques replied that he was just sixteen and blushed to the roots of his hair.

The boy touched the organ and the girl began the *Pie Jesu*. Eugène Philippot, haunted by the molding the exact contours of which escaped him, left them very soon to climb into the belfry. Halfway up he noticed that he had left his glasses on the organ. He went down again, but just as he was going to push the door open a strange sound made him pause. It was not the *vox coelestis* that he heard through the oak portal, but a smothered sighing, so intense, so poignant that the ears of the aged archæologist were filled with its music. At first he did not quite understand what was happening, for never had the moderate transports of Madame Philippot expressed themselves in such a way. Only when he opened the door did he understand that during his short absence the fingers of the young organist had shifted keys.

This exercise in profane music was so absorbing to both player and instrument that they did not notice the archæologist's return. Poor Eugène, crushed under a double burden of humiliation and grief, decided to return to his belfry without any noise, where the crows, who knew him well, gave him a raucous welcome.

V

The following day, after a night of mortal confusion, he went to the blue room, which Yvonne had to set in order for some guests. He found her arranging huge bunches of flowers. She had just picked them in the fields and they were still wet with dew.

'Look father,' she said, 'in my flowers one can breathe all the richness of the human soul: good old reason, in the nice white discs of the daisies; fancy, in the tinkling bluebells; the sufferings of love in the flesh of the black-hearted poppies . . .' Suddenly she stopped: she had noticed her father's face.

Eugène Philippot fumbled for words when he tried to tell her what he had seen the day before: he tried to scold her. But white with rage the young girl answered him with a sneer. It was always so when her pride was touched. Her delicacy, of a rare quality, instantly retreated to the inaccessible regions of her heart and in its place surged up a terrible violence of emotion and of speech. Her senses returned only after she had inflicted upon her

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adversary this sudden humiliation. 'Instead of spying on me to-day,' she cried, 'you would have done better to watch over my mother's virtue twenty years ago. Then she would n't have slept with Cipolati, whose daughter I am. As if you did n't know it!'

No, the old master did not know of this infamy, and here was the way he had to learn. Yvonne, his last, his only affection, was not his child. She had brought into the Philippot family the ignoble blood of that Cipolati, who had come to their part of the world as a state official, tricky as a rat. When Eugène would make a deposition before him to save a church that was threatened by the freemasons, he would go on making little paper boats, as if to say, 'If you only knew how you bore me.' Though a stranger, he had gotten himself elected deputy by being the official candidate and he had a way of getting the other representatives to favor impious laws. Finally, it was he who had enrolled the son of Philippot in the ranks of the dissenters.

Yvonne bore a terrible resemblance to him. The bronze threads in her hair were the direct descendants of the freemason's proverbial red beard; her black eyes, full of fire and intelligence, were his; her boundless pride, her sudden fits of rage, all these things that were not at all typical of Soissons, Yvonne had inherited from the detestable Corsican. And the entire countryside must know it and laugh behind his back. Yvonne herself had spoken of it as a thing so commonly known that she could not imagine her father's being ignorant. To think that he, poor idiot, had been the first to joke in public about Cipolati's proverbial good luck. Abominable!

Philippot let himself fall into a chair, sobbing into his hands. He felt as though he were falling into an abyss, dragging with him the honor of his country and the dignity of his church. All that he had loved was crumbling around him. The victorious forces of unrighteousness had taken not only his son but his wife: they mocked him as they had been mocking France herself for ten years past.

But there are no ills that befall us except as punishment for our sins and with divine sanction. It was not long before he understood why God crushed a poor man who had consecrated his life to praising the most beautiful works of the Lord's creatures. It was the expiation of the crime that his ancestor had committed in buying and selling church property. Had not Eugène, his wife, and their children lived on that money? Had it not been used to purchase even the roof over their heads?

Thereafter our master lived in a constant nightmare. Should he give to charity the patrimony that weighed so heavily on his shoulders? Or should he, according to the traditions so dear to his race, consider himself responsible to his impious son and heir and even to this young girl who had been the joy of his old age? He called upon Heaven to deliver him from this awful doubt, but his prayer was not heard.

VI

As time went on he grew more painfully obsessed. He kept thinking of his wife's sin. It seemed inconceivable that she whom he had considered the most respectable Christian spouse should have sunk to such lechery.

During a visit that I paid him at this time he told me that he was begin-

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ning to see the truth. Cipolati must have been an incubus, an emissary of the Devil or a sort of devil himself, one of those who generally prey on witches but sometimes seize upon virtuous women, who promptly lose all power to resist them. It is true, the archæologist would add, that most incubi do not possess the physical density of Cipolati. Some are pure spirits, others have a body subtly compounded from air and fire and live on the vapors of meat and the breath of flowers. Still others are merely black smoke that can be seen rising from the bellies of witches when their demon-lovers leave them. But sometimes these demons take on the appearance of a handsome, rich, and powerful man in order to be more alluring. Granting that an incubus would do such a thing, what shape could be more pleasing to him than that of a freemason, supported by the Jews and on friendly terms with Cernaux?

The political success of Cipolati was diabolical, too. He must have had the sanction of Lucifer to get himself elected deputy in our district where the man whose grandfather was an outsider still remained a suspect character and could never dream of belonging to the municipal council. The prodigious impudence of Cipolati, the almost naïve assurance with which he managed to refute the most serious charges, the tone of profound conviction that he would use for political bilge, all those things that made him a prince of politicians were not Christian, were not even human: they could be the tokens of Lucifer alone.

His relentless hatred for the keeper of the seal, Troubard, and for Toro-Sandrini had a strong smell of Satan about it. Cipolati and Sandrini would spend days hurling compliments at each other: counterfeiter! pederast! pimp! A truly demoniac vendetta. And Toro himself, with his Satanic pride, his sublime storms of rage, and the profile of an overfed hawk—there was another bird sent by the Prince of Darkness to lure good Christians away from God and impregnate their wives with little freemasons.

In the character of Yvonne herself Eugène Philippot found further proof of the young girl's demoniac descent. Not all the Church Fathers agree on the way that incubi beget children. Some say that these beings can give life without outside help. Others deny this and claim that the poor devils have to wander around during the night, collecting seed from mortal men who dream too well. But they all agree in describing the children themselves as vigorous, lecherous, and unconquerable. All those who had described changelings and other children of Satan seemed to have taken Yvonne as their model.

VII

Soon the mind of the archæologist was completely obsessed by the idea of Cipolati, the incubus. He tried to discover the species to which he belonged. Was he a goblin, a gnome, a sylph, or a faun—or, better yet, a *neton,* like the father of the famous Guichard de Troyes.

After long reflection he was inclined to consider him a neton. 'That's it,' he would say. 'I am absolutely convinced that he was a neton. At night others like him come to mock me. They frolic all over my bed, thumbing their noses at me. Their eyes shine in

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the darkness and their hair is all bristly—you know, like the signboard that the hatter in Soissons has hanging over his door.'

Thus we see our old master sinking into insanity. The little château Louis XVI was in mourning. Yvonne, unable to live there any longer, her beauty melting away like wax under the constant fire of remorse, was preparing to enter a convent in Belgium. In the few calm moments that his shame left him Eugène would pray God to grant him eternal rest. But again his prayer was not answered.

The archæologist scarcely went out any more. You can imagine the surprise of the servants when they saw him take his hat and cane one day, just as he used to in the past when he was going for a long walk. It was a Sunday in April, 1911, at noon. That morning, at mass, no one had noticed anything unusual about him, except that he seemed gloomier than ever. The gardener asked him where he was going but he did not answer, and no one thought of following him. He quietly came to the valley of the river Aisne where he owned some fine pieces of land that had been in his family since the reign of the Valois dynasty and that did not belong, therefore, to those church properties bought by his great-grandfather.

One parcel was called *le Criquet Bourgeois*. A long and rainy winter had changed it into a pond. Eugène knelt, said a *Pater* and an *Ave*, then lay down in the water that was as cold as in midwinter. He lost consciousness immediately and rolled into the deepest part of the pool. Death seized him, as he had wished, the moment he touched the land that had drunk in for so many centuries the sweat of honest toil.

The next day the body of the old archæologist was found floating on the gray waters. He was hideous. His mouth, nose, and eyes had been gnawed. The village simpletons knew that what they saw was not merely the body of a man who had been drowned but the corpse of a certain something that had never possessed much strength and that the new times had crushed —conscience.

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A German journalist describes visiting Knut Hamsun's family in their Norwegian home. Then comes an exchange of letters between Hamsun and a group of admiring writers in Soviet Russia.

Hamsun *at* Home *and* Abroad

Genius in Perspective

I. Knut Hamsun's Home

By Walter Seidl

Translated from *Welt im Wort*, German Emigré Literary Weekly; Published in Prague

Not deliberately but rather by a chain of bizarre circumstances I spent a day within the family circle of that powerful writer who long ago attracted and still holds my undiminished affection. Hamsun's cold remoteness from the world has caused him to be looked upon not as a man with his own life, his own way of working, and his own surroundings, but rather as a legendary figure who bears no relation to reality. With no other purpose than to take photographs of Hamsun's estate, Noerholmen, I penetrated his remote dwelling place where I spent a few hours. I was deeply stirred by what I saw of Hamsun's way of life and of his wife and children. Let me set down here some of the conversations and impressions that struck me most powerfully.

We sat in the parlor and drank mocha coffee, Mrs. Hamsun, her friend, Mrs. Jörgensen, Hamsun's two sons, Arild and Tore, and myself. My conversation consisted of a polite exchange of words with Mrs. Hamsun who made every effort to keep on general subjects as much as possible and on my own affairs. For my part, I was just as determined to bring the talk around to Hamsun's opinions and

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activities. Moreover, I had the impression that the family, especially Mrs. Hamsun, could have talked to me very willingly and without any shyness about 'father,' but that they were a little alarmed and felt that they must look upon me as a kind of spy. Mrs. Hamsun and her son Tore several times began to speak their minds frankly about Hamsun's present way of life, but they would keep breaking off in the middle of a sentence, as if they were afraid of being caught in the act, and said no more. After a while it became clear to me that the family were under some compulsion not to speak freely and that it irked their instinctive desire to be communicative.

II

The son Arild expressed his dissatisfaction with this condition most frankly. We were discussing Hamsun's charming, adventurous disappearance from his seventieth birthday party. Legions of journalists from all over the world had spent the three-day Jubilee with Mrs. Hamsun and Tore in a remote fishing village in southern Norway, vainly trying to find the guest of honor. When we discussed this well-known episode, Arild impetuously exclaimed that he could not understand his father's fear of journalists. Hamsun suffers perhaps more than anyone else from his resolute detachment from the world, since he is naturally an extremely communicative, sociable man. 'You cannot imagine,' said Arild, 'how talkative and gay Hamsun still might be if he were only sure that the man he was talking to were a peasant or a traveling salesman who did not know him.'

'Does Mr. Hamsun still like to travel?' I inquired, and discovered that Knut Hamsun almost never writes his books at home, but usually in the room of some little hotel in one of the fishing villages along the coast. He then carefully rewrites the rough draft at Noerholmen. At that particular moment, he was in Egersund, not in a hotel but with some peasants on a little farm where he was eating the food that the peasant's wife prepared, although he is a well-to-do man of seventy-three who has been through all kinds of privations and sufferings.

'And does Hamsun really take so little part in the activities of the modern world?' I asked, and received a negative answer. It seems that Hamsun spends days reading the newspapers and that he is always eager to discuss contemporary topics with his family, although for a long time he has refrained from making his opinion publicly known. He is completely absorbed by the characters in whatever book he is writing.

'Please tell me just one more thing,' I begged, for I could not forget Germany, which had gone to the polls only the Sunday before. 'Has Hamsun recently expressed any opinion about modern Germany?'

'Yes,' Mrs. Hamsun assured me, 'during the winter and in the early part of the year Hamsun talked repeatedly about Germany, always with intense sympathy for the unfortunate condition of that nation, which is so dear to him.'

And I discovered that during the World War Knut Hamsun publicly espoused the German cause.

Saying that she was tired and wished to lie down in her room, Mrs.

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Hamsun excused herself. Mrs. Jörgensen and Tore then took me to the little block house which contains Hamsun's library and his work room. Some argument with the lady of the house was necessary before I was permitted to enter. But it was not so much my seeing the most intimate surroundings of the writer that disturbed Mrs. Hamsun, as her constantly repeated fear that it was in a state of terrible disorder, for no one but Hamsun himself is allowed to clean the room. In which respect Mrs. Hamsun was no different from any other brave housewife.

The dusty manuscripts, books, and scribbled pieces of paper that I discovered on his Spartan desk, on the floor, and piled high in every corner of the room were indeed indescribable. The walls were lined to the roof with books, including Scandinavian and English works and more translations from Russian than from any other language.

But what interested me even more than the appearance of the library was the extraordinary great chair that stood in front of the writing desk, a hard, simple wooden armchair whose back and arms were covered with a dusty old winter coat, which was tied to the chair and had one limp arm dangling to the ground. On his desk was another curiosity—a pencil stuck through a cork with a hole in it. The purpose of the cork was to prevent writer's cramp from which, Tore said, Hamsun suffered: with the cork he could get a better grip. The generous Tore, perhaps partly out of embarrassment, gave it to me. His brother Arild, who evidently did not want to seem backward, also gave me a letter of Hamsun's when I took my leave. The letter was written to him at a time when he was studying mathematics at night and was signed 'Papa.'

While Tore regarded me wide-eyed and Mrs. Jörgensen looked at me anxiously, I spent a short time running through the papers on the desk and on the floor. In one dirty cardboard box I found a book bound in expensive leather entitled, 'Germany's Greeting to Hamsun,' and containing hand-written greetings to Hamsun on his seventieth birthday from all the most important German writers. But suddenly I came upon the first draft of a letter Hamsun had sent to Georg Brandes in 1898. I pleaded until Mrs. Jörgensen, overcome by my praises of her linguistic ability, began to translate the letter to me rapidly.

The contents of this draft letter left an indelible impression on me. It was filled with passionate, scornful attacks directed against academic critics like Brandes, and it also attacked Ibsen and praised Björnson. One part of the letter remained in my memory. What is culture? This roughly is the way he defined it: 'Culture, you know, consists in traveling as much as possible, reading as much as possible, but above all else, remembering as much as possible. Is n't culture really the education of the heart? I am a peasant. I have passed no examinations. My critics know this, and it is with this chance knowledge of my external circumstances that they attack me.'

We were all standing by the door. Mrs. Jörgensen was waiting for me to come out so that she could close the door behind me, but I stood still and looked back at the strange workshop of this strange writer who was invisible but had left his traces everywhere.

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I could not help thinking that this man must have experienced not only hunger but everything that one can experience within the four walls of this world, for even Hamsun's forest has four such walls. 'Yes, just a second, Mrs. Jörgensen.' The remoteness and solitude of this primitive, far-away hut in which innumerable manifestations of a genius of unique spiritual quality must lie hidden, documents that posterity may never see, held me motionless. The sense of solitude that I had experienced during one day in Noerholmen suddenly overcame me.

And now for the first time it became clear to me what a powerful experience I was being prepared for when I had received my first impressions in Oslo and had felt so pained by the thought that Hamsun remained merely a literary figure and not a man with whom one could establish living bonds either as friend or foe. On my way to Grimstad I vaguely wished that Hamsun might be removed from this literary world and establish some connection with his fellow-countrymen in real life.

When I walked through the park door of Noerholmen, I experienced the same sensations all over again. The people and things that surround Hamsun do not seem to have entered his life stream or to be carried along with it. His overflowing soul, as I had learned to know it in his books, seems to have been shut off. Hamsun not only makes himself unapproachable to visitors; he is unapproachable to everybody and everything. That was the impression left by all that I had seen. The chance acquaintances with whom he surrounds himself, the young people in his house, who may love him and whom he may love, his ideas and opinions, which sound personal enough but seem out of place in the storm-driven forest of his own soul, his room and furniture never really seem to be his. The Hamsun that we love lives in some remote region that is further away from the world of men, things, and ideas than the realm of death itself.

II. A Correspondence with Knut Hamsun

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

In April, 1933, the writers' brigade of the Central Executive Committee —Efim Vihrev, Nordal Grieg, the Norwegian writer, Nikolaï Zaroudin, Ivan Kataev, Dmitri Semenovski, and Boris Pilniak—was sent to Paleh to visit their friends, the artists. During the joyous spring days at Paleh, talking of the revolution and of art, the writers decided to send Knut Hamsun a small lacquered coffer. On the coffer the artist Zoubkov drew the legend of the fisherman and the golden fish. Inside the coffer the following words were written on red enamel:—

'To the magnificent Knut Hamsun, who holds the mistaken opinion that the proletariat and the revolution do not know how to treasure and to create art.'

Each writer signed his name.

Knut Hamsun answered from Noerholmen on September 20, 1933:—

'Dear Nordal Grieg,

'You and your friends have placed

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me in a most embarrassing position. If I say that I am overwhelmed by your gorgeous present, I shall not be telling even half the truth. I have never seen anything quite so beautiful before, and I do not understand how it was made. If it is not asking too much, let me beg an explanation of this miracle. Is the drawing under the lacquer done by hand? Even with a lens I cannot detect a single flaw. It's sheer magic. Here before me lies the story of an entire life, if I have understood it rightly. I should like you to send me an explanation that I could put inside the little coffer.

'All my household and all my guests marvel at the little jewel box, which is itself a jewel. In the past we used to get lacquer work from China and Japan, but it was not like this—it did not seem to have come from Heaven or the land of dreams.

'I don't know that I ever doubted the power of the proletariat to create artistically. I have written a great deal, however, carloads of words, many of which I have completely forgotten: I am nearly seventy-five, you know. But whoever made this box created it not as a proletarian, not as a revolutionist, but as an artist.

'I beg you to consider me deeply indebted to you and to transmit my thanks to the other members of your group. Ask them what they would like me to do for them. I have gotten out another little book, and were I not so old and so exhausted I should come to see you and bring you each a copy.

'My respectful greetings to all of you.

Knut Hamsun'

The writers replied:—

'To the ever-magnificent Knut Hamsun! You ask us how the little box came into being that you see before you; you ask for an explanation to put in the box.

'Three hundred versts from Moscow, thirty kilometres from the nearest railroad station, in the village of Paleh live—not one, not two, not even five, but several dozen artists, secluded in a workers' colony. In the old Russia that you know this village enjoyed no particular fame. It boasted of a few peasant artisans and icon-makers, who were called half-ironically "God-daubers." Now, artists are living there, some of them still half-illiterate.

'The box that was sent to you by the writers and the peasant artists was executed at the request of the entire community by a certain Ivan Ivanovitch Zoubkov, bard, comic poet, and gay philosopher. At Paleh there are fifteen like him, and many younger ones besides. These older men are highly gifted and have their own peculiar artistic technique and tone: the oldest of them is your equal in years. They all live in the same settlement, work in the same house, and compose a brotherhood of artists more perfect than the one Rabelais visualized when he created his abbey of Thélème.

'All the miniatures of these artists, including the one that is now before you, are done by hand, without a lens, and with brushes that the artists make themselves from squirrels' tails. Paints are diluted with egg yolk, and the gold that is used to mark the finest lines is filed with a cow's tooth. The artists of Paleh make miniatures out of papier-mâché; they are also masters of fresco painting. Now they are decorating our books in much the same way that

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they would paint fine porcelain. Government theatres are constantly inviting them to be decorators or designers.

'In old Russia they were mere "God-daubers." They traveled about the country, painting churches with Nicholases, and seraphim, and mothers of God. We are happy to state that in 1917 the whole clan died out, along with the rest of old Russia, and that in the former ecclesiastical settlement of Paleh a new school of art was founded. In 1917 the Revolution did away with the semi-commercialized production of stencil gods and brought forth a group of popular artists, one of whose productions is now in your possession. Miniatures such as that one first came into existence after 1917.

'The art that you see under the lacquer of your little coffer was made fertile by the new liberty of the artists and the ideas that gave birth to our young nation. That art embodies the ancient tradition of popular Russian culture given new life by the Revolution.

'You say that you do not recall ever having doubted the ability of the proletariat to preserve and create art. You say that the maker of the little box created it not as a proletarian, not as a revolutionist, but as an artist.

'It is precisely because Paleh originated with the Revolution that we sent you the present. It joyfully proclaims the birth of the artist in the craftsman—because that craftsman was a proletarian and a revolutionist. This popular Russian artist, who fought in the Red Army, has been helped by history, which created our new country, and by the power that lies behind such an important act of creation.

'It should also be said that the little coffer that lies on your desk came there because it was sent to you by a group of writers founded by the Revolution, who love you because your books have strengthened the pride and spirit of mankind, which are the fountainhead of all that is living, and real, and creative in the world.

'You say that only your age keeps you from coming to the U. S. S. R. We read your books; we know that you are very young. It would indeed be a great thing for you to come to a country that is building a world not only from the age-old spirits of the earth but also from the collective force of youth, who make their history and decorate it with their art—in this particular instance, with the art of Paleh.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

LE ROI DORT. *By Charles Braibant. Paris: Denöel et Steele. 1933.* [*Winner of Prix Théophraste-Renaudot, 1933.*]

(From the *Mercure de France*, Paris)

IT WAS neither to shock the Philistine nor to create a picture that M. Charles Braibant entitled his admirable retrospective narrative *The King Sleeps*. The action takes place during the reign of Louis-Philippe, Napoleon III, and the beginning of the Third Republic. If the title refers back to the coronation and to the answer that the Chamberlain gave the Bishops of Laon and Beauvais when they came to call on the new monarch still reposing in the official bed of the Archbishopric of Reims, the author wanted to indicate with greater clarity the will that guided the writing of his novel.

This book is a kind of transposition of the royal life into the peasant life, an example of the miraculous union the king achieved with his subjects by basing his rule on their support. 'Our society,' says the peasant through whom M. Braibant tells his story, 'is patterned after the old court. The tone of Versailles was transmitted to the country gentry, and from it to its pupil and rival—the bourgeoisie.' Though M. Braibant is a beginner in the field of letters, his work is too rich in experience to be anything but the fruit of maturity. Like all real novelists he has the knowledge and temperament of a historian, and the best part of this book is the author's perfect familiarity with provincial customs and their relation to the ancient usages of the court. One has the impression of reading the history of a queen of old France in the life story of Marlise Bertaud and her native village of Pargny in Champagne. Her cousin Léonard—the peasant mentioned before, who was also a professor and who becomes the historian of this narrative—says that if 'she had lived in a setting worthy of her beauty and her intelligence, she could have become one of the queens of Europe.'

Widowed while still very young, she becomes the guardian of her son, a dreamer and an intellectual, whom she hopes to make into a notary, but who goes in for sculpture and literature in an amateurish way and dies in his youth, leaving behind him a sort of half-bastard. But what a magnificent character, this woman-tyrant, in whom there is nothing sentimental, nothing morbid. She is the flower of the provinces. Christianity, in freeing her, did not deprive her of the one thing without which there can be no liberty—reason. 'The weaker sex' means nothing when applied to her. Though she loses her husband in the full power of her youth, she has the strength not to marry again in order to retain all her property, in spite of a temperament that leads her nearly to seduce a priest and to find relief in the magic of dreams. Her imposing figure dwarfs all those around her and relegates them to serving as background—all, and especially her son, Aimé. This young man, who should have been gifted, since Léonard speaks of him as of someone who had a kind of

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genius, seems very pale in contrast to his mother. But Marlise alone is able to fill M. Braibant's book, for he never tries to reveal the psychology of his characters through action but prefers, as a moralist and an observer of human ways, to coin epigrams or to write commentaries.

His work is dense, too heavily weighted perhaps, but perfectly harmonious. The style, full of images taken from the life of the land and the sea, has a magnificent flow, brutal and refined. It is regrettable that it should be so stuffed, especially in the first part, with ineffective obscenity. This is what has made it possible for M. Emile Zavie to compare it to the *Voyage au bout de la nuit* of M. Céline. But M. Céline's novel is desperate, exasperated; M. Braibant's is optimistic and full of good-humored serenity and vigor, a welcome change after so many morbid creations.

ANTOINE BLOYÉ. *By Paul Nizan. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1933.*

(Marcel Arland in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*)

PAUL NIZAN has published two essays, *Aden Arabie* and *les Chiens de garde;* his first novel is their natural continuation. The same harshness of tone reminiscent of a prosecuting attorney, but even more pressing; the same violence, but less chaotic—partial and unjust but always sincere; and, finally, the same theme all the more appealing because it deals with a man who lives and feels and in whom thousands of other men can recognize themselves.

M. Nizan's book owes both its depth and limitations to his vindictiveness. One feels too strongly that the hero was chosen merely as an example; the characters do not seem quite free to act, to live, to be happy, or to suffer. M. Nizan bears down upon them, accentuates what confirms his thesis, lightly passing over the rest or omitting it entirely. When he cannot omit, the movement of the book retards, and we feel that the author is uncomfortable, out of place.

If he chose his hero as a type, he knew both how to choose him and how to give him the proper background. The author seems to be familiar with the setting: a railroad company, compact and tyrannical, the sort of place where a man can lose all selfhood and become a cog in the machine, knowing no happiness but that of performing his humble duties.

Antoine, the son of an employee, is an employee himself. After a short period of independence he makes a good match, and is promoted, works, and is promoted again. A child is born and dies. Another child is born: 'He will be what I only hoped for.' Antoine, having lived two-thirds of his life, has fifteen hundred men under him; his wife loves him; a new social life now opens before him. Is he happy? He hesitates a moment and then answers, yes, since he must say something. Then comes a bad blunder, followed by retirement. For the first time in his life he has nothing to do. At sixty, looking back upon his life, he feels that he has not lived. He tries to make up for the past, but he dares not, he cannot. Then he dies.

The simple narration of the facts would make the book dramatic, even tragic, for here is the story of a man who was crushed by fate pressing upon him from without and from within. But M. Nizan is not content with this alone. He intervenes, seizing

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upon some particular incident to make it into a separate tableau, as in the case of Antoine's funeral, or suddenly interrupting his tale to enter an accusation of his own. This man and woman love one another: that's quickly said. But can one describe as love this habit, this laziness of spirit and misery of body?

'People say, "What a united little family."

'United because they pay their bills together.

'"I know him so well," says the wife.

'But she knows her carpet sweeper and her tomcat in the same way.'

Such is this book—sometimes rhetorical, sometimes insufficient, sometimes too emphatic and stiff with more brutality than strength—and with a slightly facile brutality, too. But, for the most part, it is rapid, ardent, aggressive, and not without generosity. It is a double indictment—of social injustice and individual weakness.

L'Homme du Brésil. *By Robert Bourget-Pailleron. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1933.* [*Winner of Prix Interallié, 1933.*]

(Firmin Roz in the *Revue Bleue*, Paris)

M. ROBERT BOURGET-PAILLERON'S first novel, *Champsecret*, suggested and his second novel, *Le Pouvoir absolu*, definitely proved that the author was a born novelist. He has the gift of telling a story, a flair for contemporary reality, and the curiosity of the lover of souls who delights in the problems they present and never fails to detect their picturesque elements. In his third novel, *The Man from Brazil*, we are able to see how much all the author's talents have contributed to the artistic unity in which they are so harmoniously blended.

The plot, which has the momentum of a detective story, sets us on the trail of a character whose origin we must discover and whose personality we must identify. But this intrigue is the framework rather than the centre of our novel; the man from Brazil is not the chief character although the plot is built around him. The real interest lies in the psychology of a man who wants to find his lost son and whose life has been enslaved by this obsession.

Julien Clément, a petty clerk, married at twenty a Spanish girl who was then eighteen. After a few years she left him, taking with her their son, Claude. Later, Julien married again, but the two sons who were born to him of his second marriage did not blot out the memory of the one who had so completely disappeared from his life. One day, he discovered that his first child's mother had died in a house of prostitution at Lisbon. But what became of the child? He does not know, but a faint glimmer lures him on, and it is here that the book resembles a detective story.

A man by the name of Juan Clément returned to France from Brazil on August 2, 1914, day of the mobilization. Having 'made the war' as the saying goes, he settled in Paris, where he became director of the Minerva bank, member of several boards of directors, with the possibility of being a deputy or a member of the cabinet in the near future: one of many similar cases during the post-war period.

Naturally, Julien Clément imagined that this stranger whose past was entirely unknown might be his son. He immediately gave up his position

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in a good bookstore to become associated with one of the hangers-on of the financial world, where he would be able to clear up the mystery that had so completely fascinated him.

M. Bourget-Pailleron portrays with ironic precision the milieu of high finance and the financial press. Pascal Hugon, his secretary, Maurice Lecarpenterie (Lecar for short), the Thénard Agency of Investigations and Disclosures, *Banderilles*, the blackmail journal, and its editor, Malvernier—all these are depicted in the liveliest manner with a cruel realism that does not exclude the fanciful and the fantastic: it is the piquant side of contemporary life.

But the author's talent goes to the very depths of human experience, depths at which a keen observer is bound to find tragedy, for there is something highly tragic in this obsession that tears a man from reality and hurls him into a sort of delirium, although what I call obsession is now fashionably known as escape from reality. To speak the lingo of the day, therefore, Julien Clément was prey to a longing for escape that cut him off from his interests and from his natural affections—his wife and children—to send him out in search of a long-lost son.

But the dramatic element is not confined entirely to the personal life of Julien Clément; it also appears in his adventures. He could not help talking to Hugon, who immediately seized upon the story for what he could get out of it. To attract the attention and good will of Juan Clément he placed his portrait in his gallery of great contemporary figures. Rather annoyed by this unwanted publicity, Juan Clément determined to ignore it. Hugon, however, having other ends in view, called Malvernier to his rescue, who published an article in the *Banderilles* to express his surprise at this sudden glorification of a man whose obscure origin it might be interesting to investigate.

This is the beginning of what leads to the final catastrophe. The man whom Julien believes to be his son falls victim to the disasters that Julien has so innocently brought about. All the tragedy of this situation bursts forth in the scene in which the Clément are brought face to face, the older one full of confessions and excuses, the younger one incredulous at first, then stupefied, and finally furious, so furious that he shakes the penitent man and abuses him. He drags him out into the street where passers-by stop to watch the scene, one of whom says, 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Why, he might be your father.'

Might be your father: to Julien these words have an unintended meaning. But he has heard other words, words spoken by Juan, calling him an old fool, accusing him of having wrecked Juan's life, for suspicions are rising about him now, his prestige is declining, confidence in him is shaken. One board of directors has already asked for his resignation. The man who has been the cause of this disaster returns home, temporarily cured of an illusion that will take on new life the next day when the Thénard Agency puts him on the track of another Clément whose parentage is unknown, in Liverpool this time. This hope puts a new light in his eyes, which misleads his wife and makes her say, 'Julien darling, I am so happy' at the very moment when the obsession is getting a firmer grip on him.

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Pathetic irony is the final note of a fast-moving story that is full of picturesque realism and genuine human psychology. And is it not pleasing to read, now and then, a novel that is a descendant neither of Freud, nor of sociology, nor of metaphysics, a novel that lays claim neither to the completeness of an encyclopedia nor to the infallibility of a formula, a novel that is so well presented that we listen breathlessly and do not notice for a single moment that the author makes no mention of love?

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA. *By Franz Kafka. London: Martin Secker. 1933. 7s. 6d.*

(Herbert Read in *The Adelphi*, London)

THIS, the second book of Kafka's to appear in an English translation, is perhaps the best possible introduction to the work of an incomparable genius. *The Castle*, which appeared three years ago with the same publisher and the same translators, was perhaps a severe plunge for the unprepared reader. Here was an element that demanded, not merely attention and assent, as we attend and assent to any imaginary world, but also active intelligence and that rarest virtue in the modern reader—meditation. I doubt if any imaginative writer of this age is so genuinely profound as Kafka—mystical and yet clear and objective, lyrical yet compassionate. Some aphorisms in this new book are headed 'Reflections on Sin, Pain, Hope, and the True Way,' and that title adequately describes the ethical passion that distinguishes all his work. In his excellent introduction, Edwin Muir points out that Kafka's work is concerned with a twofold problem: 'that of finding one's true vocation, one's true place, whatever it may be, in the community; and that of acting in accordance with the will of heavenly powers. But though it has those two aspects it was in his eyes a single problem; for a man's true place in the community is finally determined not by secular, but by divine, law, and only when, by apparent chance or deliberate effort, a man finds himself in his divinely appointed place can he live as he should. Many people slip into their place without being aware of it; others are painfully conscious of the difficulty, the evident impossibility, of finding any place at all; and nobody has been more clearly and deeply conscious of it than Kafka.' This problem in Kafka was emphasized, as Mr. Muir says, by the fact that he was an invalid (a consumptive), and still more by the fact that he was a Jew. I do not think that one is very conscious of the Jewish element in Kafka's writing. He was strongly influenced by one of the greatest Christian mystics, Sören Kierkegaard; and there is something very catholic, even Catholic, in Kafka's conception of life—in his strong sense of the doctrine of original sin, for example, and of the necessity of divine guidance. But this deep and serious approach to life is lightened, even deprecated, in Kafka's case, by the sardonic humor of his narratives. 'The Investigations of a Dog,' 'The Burrow,' and 'The Giant Mole,' the longest items in the present book, are perfect in their sustained and delicate irony. But to this quality, which might only be a gentler invention than Swift's, or Butler's, is added an atmosphere, very evident in 'The Burrow,' of something like terror; an

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imaginary world so complete, so vivid, that we begin to doubt the reality of our everyday senses.

Kafka himself might have enjoyed the irony of the circumstances that have now proscribed his books in Germany. He is not only the most inventive and the most profound of the younger German writers; he is also possibly the best German prose stylist since Nietzsche. A good deal of the charm of this style survives in Mr. and Mrs. Muir's brilliant translations. It would be tragic if, proscribed by politicians in his own country, Kafka's work met with apathy in England. There are still two long allegorical novels to be translated—*The Trial* and *America*—as well as a considerable number of short stories and sketches. It is to be hoped, too, that some of his letters will be given to the public, and that in due course there will be a sufficiently large number of readers to ensure that all these works appear in English.

DER ZWEITE TAG. *By Ilya Ehrenburg. Prague: Malik-Verlag. 1933.*

(Klaus Mann in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague)

ILYA EHRENBURG'S great novel about Russian youth will find enthusiastic readers in every country. With supple literary skill and mature sovereign knowledge, he gives us a lively picture of a sphere that we often regard with hope and always with passionate interest. How do the young people in Soviet Russia live? Ehrenburg answers this question. He answers us brightly, explicitly, completely, as a journalist of the first water using an epic medium. The nature of his material assures him of our close attention: we judge his book less as a work of art than as a piece of reporting.

Ehrenburg the artist deserves respectful recognition: he does a good job though he never quite fascinates us. His inclination toward the conventional is undeniable. He lacks the creative power and skill of certain young Americans, notably Dos Passos and Thomas Wolfe, although one feels his ambition to be numbered with them in world literature. His technique is bourgeois. This seems paradoxical, but as an artist he is hardly radical. His new novel seems to begin as a book without a hero. The hero, it appears at the start, is the mass and the 'work' in which it is engaged. The 'work,' seen as a whole, is socialist construction, the Five-year Plan, and the plans that come afterward—in this case, the construction of a 'giant' in the heart of Asia.

The hero of the book, so it seems, is the blast furnace, the machine, the iron itself. In the course of a clever and systematically constructed narrative, this anonymous structure becomes a background of pathos against which the whole 'human' problem of the collective is depicted in tremendously generalized terms. As in a bourgeois, 'sentimental' novel, from which Ehrenburg borrows more than one might imagine and more than he himself lets one realize, the theme deals with the classic triangle of two young men and a girl. The two young men represent two types. Kolka is the young Soviet citizen as he ought to be—optimistic, fond of action, warm-hearted, undisturbed by personal problems. But Volodya has the curse of Europe on him. He is all doubt, indecision, hopeless refinement. His character, racked by melancholy pride

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and a biting skepticism, is so incapable of living that he is finally forced to announce with bitter pride, 'Perhaps I am a rascal from the social standpoint.'

Between the two stands Irina, the girl. First we find her in love with Volodya, who, at once a sadist and a masochist because of the hard complexity of his nature, rebuffs her and finally loses her. She turns to Kolka to whom she really belongs because he is strong, good, healthy, and warm-hearted, because he represents the future. Volodya hangs himself, and, if the author in describing his noble but defeated figure makes any attempt to display justice or sympathy, he also reveals his significant, almost brutal bias against the complicated, doomed character who comes to a catastrophic end. Volodya must die. That is clear from the start, and when it finally happens hardly a word is wasted over the incident. We are not once told how Irina reacts to his death, though she is the only one who ever loved him. But now she has Kolka and life.

There is a philosophy latent in this cold attitude toward personal catastrophe. Throughout the entire book polemics continue against the doom that Volodya faces. His arguments, his contempt, his despair are portrayed with such bitter eloquence that one feels that these protests come not only from the heart of poor Volodya, but that the author has known them, too, though of course he has almost overcome them. But perhaps he is not yet so completely free from them as he might be and as he would like to have us believe he is. Perhaps the obvious coldness with which he finally turns away from the character of Volodya is the gesture of a man who is concealing his own emotions. The author has said too many malicious, clever things against his second, dark hero, against the machine fetishism of this new younger generation, against the offensive primitiveness that knows but one cult,—work at the machine,—that works as hard at the smelting ovens as people once did chasing after the girls or praying to God. Yes, he was almost embittered to death, 'not by the gruesomeness of the revolution, but by its senselessness.' It was high time for him to fall victim, this arrogant, contemptuous, profoundly lamentable Volodya.

In colossal contrast to him stands the entire fullness of a life enthusiastically devoted to labor. The contrast shines in every color: it has tremendous scope. Not only are people working incredibly hard here, they are also herded, harassed, and secretly loved, although in an embarrassed, awkward way that says as little as possible about emotions. But in the finest, most beautiful case, the case of Kolka and Irina for instance, the emotion is no less strong for that reason, and Irina makes this beautiful statement, 'Man can love to-day, and he can love even better than before. Life is so hard, so tense, so tremendous to-day that love grows, too.'

People keep saying, 'Men live as they did in the War,' or, 'It is like the front.' And people keep talking with a grim kind of pride about the 'wild hardness' of a life spent on the 'work' for socialist construction. But it is also a gay picture and in the descriptions of innumerable secondary characters Ilya Ehrenburg's literary talent and human experience reveal themselves at their best. Never before has he attained such heights as he does in the

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chapters describing a class in school. With what aggressiveness these militant young people say to each other, 'But once the war against the imperialists begins it will be even more fun.' And there is the university city of Tomsk where naïve young people, hungry for knowledge, press into the lecture room 'as if to a banquet.'

The author does not confine himself to primitive black and white descriptions with the good people all one color and the evil all another. Life is differentiated even in a collective society. Infinitely varied types, faces, and careers are sketched in such a way that they remain alive with us. There is one splendid old fellow, crude of speech but with affectionate eyes who says, 'This life is like a page out of the Party archives.' Then there are the owl-like librarian consumed with love for her books, the sentimental little school teacher who had lost her most precious pupils, the foreign visitors, most of them grotesque, the shock brigaders and the slackers and the great mathematician, who is given special rations by Moscow but takes no note of it as he sits immersed in the secrets of his labors. Each one has his own preferences, desires, yearnings, and disappointments. All of them have one purpose—they must work. And if anyone falls by the wayside nobody sheds a tear. The work goes on.

What enthusiastic belief in materialism, belief that from our life here on earth something more reasonable can be created and that it pays to put one's self to inconvenience and to lead a hard life. How many doubts there are in such beliefs and what tragedies follow these forbidden doubts. We often regard it with enthusiasm as Kolka, sometimes with despair and anxiety as Volodya, but always with respect and lively sympathy.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT are two strands of the human enigma that still resist all efforts at definitive isolation. From the time when Francis Galton in his epoch-making *Hereditary Genius* (popular reprint, 1925) tried to show that exceptional abilities tended to run in certain families the problem, 'Nature versus Nurture' has been a veritable riddle of the Sphinx—and not a few subtle minds have lost their vision, if not their physical eyesight, in attempting to answer it.

It has been left for the youthful and very rigorous science of genetics to point the way to a more rational treatment of this highly controversial subject. Stimulated, like virtually every other intellectual activity, by the shock of Darwin's researches into the classic problem of human evolution, curiosity as to the how and why of individual differences and of species variation stumbled along many by-paths and blind alleys. Much of value was discovered, but both facts and theories remained in a jumbled heap until, about 1900, three scientists, Correns, Tschermak, and Hugo de Vries simultaneously found the formula which led to a scientific integration. This formula,—or rather these three formulas,—incorporated in a highly technical monograph on sweet peas, had been contributed to the *Transactions* of the Natural History Society of Brünn (now Brno in Czechoslovakia) in 1865. The author was Gregor Mendel, by profession a monk, by avocation one of the great creative scientists of modern times.

It is significant that a little before his death, tranquilly contemplating the profound indifference of his contemporaries toward his life work, Mendel remarked to a close friend, 'My time will come.' To-day, after nearly fifty years, the Nobel prize in medicine has been awarded to an American, Thomas Hunt Morgan, for his brilliant work in applying to the fruit fly, *Drosophila melanogaster*, the basic principles enunciated by Gregor Mendel as the result of 'cultivating his own garden.'

THE AWARD is richly deserved. 'Morgan's work,' to quote H. S. Jennings, another American scientist of the first rank, 'has laid a foundation on which all further development of knowledge of heredity, variation, and evolution must rest. He and his associates have constructed on this foundation a great edifice of detailed knowledge and understanding, a body of knowledge that has wide implications for the life of man and for general biological theory.' The significant thing about this—as, indeed, about all genuinely scientific—knowledge is that it develops from the study of concrete factors, factors susceptible of quantitative treatment and, where control is possible, of manipulation leading to predetermined results. In all strictly genetic research these factors are two in number: the chromosomes and the genes. Of these two the latter, so far as we know to-day, are ultimate. Long regarded as a hypothetical entity, and as such vulnerable to attack from vitalists and other opponents of the 'physico-chemical' school of biologists, the gene is slowly but perceptibly yielding to the criterion of actual measurement.

Recent evidence to this effect has been submitted by Dr. C. B. Davenport, director of the Department of Genetics of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. In his latest report to the Institution Dr. Davenport describes this unit of heredity as an actual body less than eight-millionths of an inch in diameter, a kind of atom in the universe of animate nature, yet, like the physical atom, extremely complex and of a marvelous versatility. It is probable, thinks Dr. Davenport, perhaps echoing Dr. Millikan's belief in a 'self-renovating atom,' that 'the living, dividing molecule, of which the gene is a special sort, is the

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great upbuilding agency in a universe that is running down. . . . For the genes create living matter out of the non-living material, while periodically that which they have created is returned to its source for new generations to feed upon.'

THE MEDICAL and social aspects of genetics—one of the most vital questions of our day—are treated with admirable thoroughness and clarity by Lancelot Hogben, Professor of Social Biology in the University of London. In *Nature and Nurture*, his latest contribution to this subject, Professor Hogben minces neither his words nor his formidable mathematics in an effort to clear the ground of ambiguous concepts, prejudices, and certain biological expressions of what Nicolai Lenin called 'social chauvinism.' The reference to Lenin is deliberate: Hogben has long been an outspoken admirer of Soviet Russia, which he has visited and for whose scientific activities he has a high regard. In particular he cites with approval the investigations of Levit and Serebrovski into the genetic origins of various types of blindness.

Professor Hogben belongs to the challenging class of scientific workers. Highly gifted and with great technical ability, he mistrusts all traditional views regarding the development of social groups and of individuals. 'Our parents,' he states, with habitual felicity of expression, 'do not endow us with characters. They endow us with genes.' Nor is this fact to be interpreted from what he describes as 'the ultra-calvinistic attitude of Galton and his disciples.' For individual differences are not merely the expression of irrevocable genetic endowments: they result also from the fact that 'the same genes inhabit different houses.' Substitute 'species' for genes and 'regions' for houses and it is clear that we are not going to get very far with arbitrary assumptions concerning 'race,' *à la* Gobineau, Chamberlain, and Madison Grant—whose latest prophet is Adolf Hitler.

Writing on 'The Concept of Race' in an earlier volume, Hogben pointed out 'that so long as social geneticists and biologists persist in discussing this problem with a tacit acknowledgment of their own racial superiority, there will be little hope of treating it with the scientific detachment possible in discussing the effect of marriage between cousins.' Such detachment, however, can easily cut both ways. Thus, referring to new evidence obtained from the study of twins, Hogben states that 'no conclusions about inborn differences based on comparisons of different occupational and racial groups have any scientific validity.' A few lines further this unintended rebuke of Goebbels, Göring, *et al* turns out not to 'exclude the possibility that future research may detect and measure racial differences depending upon differences of genetic constitution . . . One can assert that deaf-mutism is commoner among Jews than among Gentiles without incurring the charge of anti-Semitism.' But the genetic reason for this fact, as Hogben is careful to point out subsequently, is very largely connected with the high proportion of consanguineous marriages among Jews. There is thus a grain or two of good sense in Bernard Shaw's suggestion that the Nazis 'liquidate' the Jewish problem by compelling every Jew to marry—or breed from—a Gentile. This procedure would undoubtedly favor that 'principle of random mating,' which—within at least very wide limits—is one of the most powerful biological safeguards against the slow doom of physical exhaustion, stagnancy, disease, and mental deficiency. The attempt so long and so grimly illustrated by numerous royal families to breed a 'pure' stock has resulted rather in the development of highly lethal 'culture media,' and it is doubtful whether the effort to breed a 'royal race'—assuming it were successful—could end in anything but extinction through the combined forces of internal genetic enfeeblement and external attrition, aided by the pressure of vigorous

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'impure' stocks, for whom life was still more important than culture. For the modern geneticist the significant thing is not that Rome declined but that a biological species, *homo sapiens*, broke the far-flung and weakened barriers restraining it from its inevitable progression.

COMES NOW the extraordinary news from Berlin that 400,000 Germans are so 'defective,' physically or mentally or both, that they are to be restrained from propagating their kind—at a cost of 20 marks for each male and 50 marks for each female. If the preliminary report in the *New York Times* is correct, 1,700 Hereditary Health Courts are shortly to commence their work of passing eugenic judgment on about one-eighth of an already declining population. Out of a total of some thirty known incurable diseases which, according to Professor Hogben, are determined by genetic factors, nine are designated by the new German law as subject to the drastic, if comparatively painless, cure of sterilization. Half of what might be called the German 'blight brigade' are believed to carry the stigmata of 'congenital idiocy'; another hundred thousand are alleged to suffer from schizophrenia and maniac-depressive insanity, while the comparatively small number of about forty thousand are afflicted with definitely genetic types of blindness, deafness, 'lobster claw,' brachydactyly, and similar physical deformities.

Some interesting points are raised by this colossal attempt of the Nazi Procrustes forcibly to adjust all his subjects to fit the same bed of biological and social normalcy. First, the proportion of the 400,000 who may be regarded as definitely mental cases and as such incapable of effective social adjustment yields an incidence of about 4.5 per thousand of the general population of Germany. Compare with the figure of 2.97 per thousand for England and Wales, as reported in 1929 by the Mental Deficiency Committee, and 2.25 for the United States, according to Dr. J. H. Landman. If the German ratio is correct, then we have one of the most spectacular declines in public health registered in modern times.

Secondly, it would be extremely interesting to know just what percentage of the defectives are the issue of the mixed marriages so bitterly opposed by the Nazi government. As many of the ailments for which sterilization is indicated under the law are known to have a high correlation with persistent inbreeding, notably amaurotic family idiocy, total color blindness, and hæmophilia, we are led to suppose not only that the Germans have been systematically frustrating their own genetic potentialities but that they intend deliberately to continue doing so. As usual, the strictly physiological concept of vigor, which is demonstrably a function of random, though not necessarily chaotic, mating between all classes within a similar geographic area, is confused with the superposed socio-cultural concept of superiority. From this confusion arises what Dr. Landman, in his excellent monograph, *Human Sterilization*, calls the 'alarmist eugenics' of such writers as Huntington, East, Grant, Stoddard, Pitkin, and Wiggam, all of whom are more intent on extirpating the presumed 'unfit' than—as J. B. S. Haldane caustically suggested—in attempting to change the structure of a society in which so many and such varied types of deficiency apparently flourish.

Thirdly, just what is mental deficiency? Dr. Landman, after listing twenty-two varieties of 'socially inadequate people' with clinical pictures and admittedly provisional classifications, remarks that 'the causes of mental diseases are still an unsolved mystery,' and T. H. Morgan, with a critical eye on the pedigrees of cacogenic (defective) families living under 'demoralizing social conditions,' writes, 'It is not surprising that, once begun, from whatever cause, the effects may be to a large extent communicated rather than inherited.'

Fourthly, there is the old problem of

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mental tests, concerning whose scientific validity wide disagreement still prevails. It appears that, just to be on the safe side, the German Health Courts will be ready with a series of questions, some of which strongly resemble those put by the late Thomas Alva Edison to his collection of budding geniuses. Thus, feeble-mindedness is sufficiently indicated through inability to explain the German postal rates, to name the discoverer of America (historians please notice!), to describe the nature of boiling water, to discourse on Luther and Bismarck. Many of the judges will no doubt be relieved to learn from the less moronic just what is 'the nature of the German State,' although it may be difficult for the latter to score on some of the more complicated moral and political brain-twisters.

BUT EVERY MEDAL has two sides. On the reverse of this one, struck to commemorate the Apotheosis of the Aryan, is the singular figure of Captain—now General—Göring, Premier of Prussia. One of his qualifications for the task of purging the new Germany of its ominous psychopathic strains is thus stated by a 'well known London psychiatrist and psychologist' in THE LIVING AGE for July, 1933, and cited by John Strachey in his recent book, *The Menace of Fascism:*—

'It is known,' affirms this authority, 'that as far back as 1925 he [Göring] was detained after trouble with the Swedish police at an asylum in Stockholm as a dangerously violent lunatic and drug addict. Even at that time he entertained the delusions of being persecuted by imaginary enemies that are so characteristic of paranoia. There is no doubt that if he were deprived of his morphine for one single week, he would be reduced to a pitiable state of slobbering, demented insanity.'

Checking-up by the Stockholm correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* disclosed that the files of the Stockholm Communal Asylum registered the detention of a Captain Göring for a period of two and a half months, from September 1 to November 19, 1925. There has been no satisfactory refutation of the above facts. Under the circumstances it is, perhaps, very unfortunate that not yet in Germany do 'the captains and the kings depart.'

REALIZATION that machines are steadily displacing human labor has led to endless speculation. Here are a few pertinent facts, drawn from sources of uncontestable authority:—

Decline and fall of the mineral empire. 'During the five-year period, when the world output of minerals surpassed in quantity and value that of any other equal period in history, the total value was approximately seventy billion dollars, the annual average being about fourteen billion dollars. In 1930 this total annual value dropped to about twelve and one-half billion dollars. In 1931 the total fell to about nine billion dollars. In 1932 the value of world mineral production totaled, roughly, seven billion dollars, one-half the yearly average from 1925 to 1929.'
U. S. Bureau of Mines: *Year Book*, 1933
(Scott Turner, Director)

Too much iron in the fire? 'According to reports from producers the total quantity of iron ore in stock at the mines at the end of 1932 amounted to 17,603,873 gross tons, an increase of 35 per cent over 1931. These stocks (the largest ever accumulated) were about 7,642,000 tons above the average for the five-year period 1927–31. . . . Shipments were about 4,516,000 tons less than production, indicating the extent the mines were worked to provide employment for some of the many thousand men usually employed.'
U. S. Bureau of Mines: *Year Book*, 1933
(O. E. Kiessling and H. W. Davis)

What price mechanization? 'From 1,880,000 tons in 1923 the production of bituminous coal by mechanized mining increased

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to 47,562,000 tons in 1931, a growth of twenty-five-fold in eight years. In 1932, while the tonnage mined mechanically decreased, the relative proportion mined mechanically increased in seven out of the ten leading states . . . In 1932 the proportion of deep-mined output handled mechanically was 12.6 per cent for bituminous coal and 12.2 per cent for anthracite.'

U. S. Bureau of Mines: *Year Book*, 1933
(F. G. Tryon and A. H. Rogers)

Labor displacement in telephone systems. 'Complete conversion to the dial system means a loss of about two-thirds of the employment opportunities afforded by manual operation. The period of change to the dial is accompanied by increases in the number of employees of certain classes, but other technological improvements which eliminate jobs apparently more than counteract the increases. Taking 1921 as a basis and estimating the number of all employees necessary in 1930 if the output per employee had remained as in 1921, the net loss of employment opportunities in the Bell Operating Companies alone is 71,844.'

Monthly Labor Review, February, 1932

Automatic railroad signals. 'The automatic signal is rapidly displacing the watchman and gateman at highway crossings. The estimated number of employment opportunities lost through use of automatic signals and grade separations up to December 31, 1930, was 44,343. The percentage of displacement ranges from about 50 per cent in the case of combined automatic and manual installations, to 100 per cent in the case of complete automatic track-circuit control or of grade separations.'

Monthly Labor Review, April, 1932

Productivity of blast furnaces. 'The increased daily production of a blast furnace has comparatively little effect upon the labor time required for operating the furnace plant. When a stack is "down" for relining it may be rebuilt with different lines and enlarged cubical contents. The rebuilt stack may be capable of producing 50 per cent more pig iron per day than the old one, but the effect on the labor crew may be comparatively slight . . . In an average plant a small amount of additional indirect or auxiliary labor would be necessary to handle the additional product, but this increase in labor would not be in any way proportional to the increase in tonnage.'

Bureau of Labor Statistics: *Bulletin 474*, December, 1928

Pig iron and man-hours. 'On the basis of eighty blast furnace plants studied the following comparative figures for the period 1912–1926 were obtained: in 1912 about 16¾ million man-hours of labor were required to produce 2½ million tons of pig iron. Fifteen years later, in 1926, just under 23 million man-hours went to the production of nearly 6¾ million tons of pig iron. In other words, 270 per cent more pig iron was produced at the end of the period, with a labor increase of only 26.8 per cent. Man-hours per ton of pig iron dropped from 7.087 in 1912 to 3.379 in 1926. The principal factor in this increased productivity was the proportion of total stacks mechanically *charged*—from 57 per cent in 1912 to 91 per cent in 1926.'

Same: *Bulletin 474*, December, 1928

Less bread, more taxes. 'Taxes for the country as a whole have been, in the last two years, about 166 per cent higher than they were in 1914 . . . It takes more than four times as many units of farm produce to pay the farm tax bill now as it took in 1914. In 1931 taxes on farm property absorbed about 11 per cent of the gross farm income, compared with only 4 per cent before the war.'

Department of Agriculture: *Year Book*, 1933 (Arthur Hyde, Secretary)

—HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Restless America

RICHARD von Kühlmann, former German Secretary of State and a frequent visitor to America, made a trip to the United States this summer and on his return gave the *Frankfurter Zeitung* the following analysis of the American temperament:—

The lean, lank figure of Uncle Sam as displayed in the cartoons, with his sharp nose, his little goatee, and his flying coat tails, typifies restlessness, which is perhaps the keynote to the most profound and essential difference between the Americans, on the one hand, and the Germans and English, on the other. For throughout the nineteenth century, even the American farmer was possessed by the spirit of restlessness, while only rarely have our German families outgrown the surroundings in which they were born. The result has been that in Germany the same people have stayed on the same land for hundreds of years; but to this day every phase of American history has borne the stamp of territorial expansion. The New World overcame the depression that followed the Napoleonic wars by expanding westward. On foot, on horseback, in wagons, and in ox teams, land-hungry people poured over the virgin mountains into the broad, fruitful Mississippi valley. When Bismarck was minister to Frankfurt, Russians were entering what is now California from their colony of Alaska and meeting the northernmost outposts of Spanish-Mexican influence.

Modern psychology understands that nothing causes so much friction and unrest as constant changes of background. Anyone who is really permanently established, anyone who knows that his grave is only a few thousand steps from his cradle, leads a life that is rigidly bounded, especially in its activities and cares. Such a man worries grievously about debts and a thousand inescapable obligations. How different it is with the man who can easily shake the dust from his feet, leave his cares and obligations behind, and start out fresh under a new sky and new surroundings, though he may have failed elsewhere. With few exceptions, our European, and especially our German, possibilities of life are rigidly fixed. The desire for marriage and security is almost like a natural law with us and a definite area has been established in which most human lives are closely contained. How different it is in America. The man who adheres to one life career, who sticks to one line of study, who has one purpose in life is the exception over there.

You meet some one who occupies a high position in an insurance company and discover with astonishment that he ran away to sea as a young man, became an interior decorator, established a successful publishing house, and ended his career in his present position. Another man went West, tried his luck at mining gold, set up little shops for farmers, which gradually expanded, supervised the building of western railroad lines, and finally became tremendously rich exporting lumber in his old age. Such careers could be duplicated indefinitely. Americans do not consider that what they are doing at the time is always going to be their occupation. They work with interest and intensity but they keep looking over the fence into the next field to see whether there is anything doing over there.

The average American does not attach much importance to where he lives. He often changes his residence, even in the same city. He has no great store of luggage and furniture. One buys what one needs, and the things that get worn out are thrown away. 'Always bigger and better'

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is the watchword. If one can build a better, cheaper, more practical house, one does so without sentimentality. One jumps from city to city with equal ease and transplants one's self from East to West and back again.

I have already pointed out that a change of locality has a real psychological effect; the same thing applies to a change of profession. In Europe most of us are dealt one card that we must play throughout our professional life. If we lose that one card, we are done for. Hence, the great care and anxiety with which the average European plays his one card, and his desire to reduce the chances of failure as much as possible. But the opportunities in which one can gain esteem and wealth in America are innumerable. Hardly a single successful business man has not been through at least one failure. If one is a 'regular guy' one has friends, and a 'regular guy' will always put a friend on his feet. The horizon is broader. In normal times one does n't have to work very hard to make money. These are the elements of which American restlessness is partly composed. They express themselves in the rapidity and ease with which people travel. And they think nothing of making a flying trip to Europe or Japan.

Now that unemployment has raised its head, conditions exist that I believe cannot be paralleled in Europe. Although it would be too early to say that every inch of territory in the United States that can support people has been settled, territorial expansion within the boundaries of the present union is virtually at an end. There is no more frontier and there are no more real frontiersmen. We are accustomed to using the words 'young nation' thoughtlessly. Although a new nation is being prepared in the melting pot of America, the ingredients are drawn from old stocks. The enormous statistical researches conducted under ex-President Hoover prove with the utmost clearness that even the American trees will not grow to the zenith. The birth rate is relatively low. Unless the life span is lengthened, the period of population increase will soon come to an end, nor does this mean that the doors will again be opened to immigration, even to certain races.

Whether this restlessness, this impulse toward progress will impel the United States on the path of conquest no one to-day can foresee. Much will depend on whether the element in the American soul that has been planted there by a century-long struggle on the frontier will survive the termination of frontier life long enough to create a great national fermentation. Almost immune to military attack, the United States possesses all the requirements to become the dominating world sea power. With almost inexhaustible military reserves, the United States could easily undertake any conquest that might tempt her.

Big Business Wins

THE following interpretation of the Roosevelt policies, written by a special correspondent of the London *Economist*, sees in the eclipse of the big American bankers the triumph of the big American industrialists:—

I happened to be traveling in the Middle West and the Old South during the days when Al Smith (himself a bank chairman to-day) was publicly expressing his poor opinion of a 'boloney' dollar, when Father Coughlin was belaboring Mr. Smith, when higher dignitaries of the Church were counterreproving the Reverend Father, when Professor Sprague was handing in his resignation, and when some of the leading lights of Wall Street were opening a drum-fire bombardment against the President's financial policy. This bombardment was echoed so resonantly in the metropolitan press that in his innocence the present writer imagined that Mr. Roosevelt must be reeling under the blow and that the next day or two would see some radical change of front at

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Washington. In these circumstances it was instructive to observe the effect of this metropolitan press campaign upon provincial public opinion. 'So they are squealing, are they? Well, we can't judge this financial business on its merits. It is too technical for us, and that is why the bankers manage to fool us and fleece us all the time. But now we know. The President's policy does n't please Wall Street. They have made that plain themselves. So now we know for certain that this is the policy for us.' In the present writer's judgment the political effect of the Wall Street criticism of the President's policy has been, in fact, to strengthen the President's position enormously throughout the country.

This is because the American people have fixed upon their scapegoat and are thirsting for his blood. They do not seem to have reflected that, if they themselves *en masse* had not been so feverishly eager to speculate during the boom time, the men on Wall Street would not have had such golden opportunities for committing the enormities that are now popularly debited to their account. In the public mind under the stress of the crisis, the banker has been cast for the rôle of villain of the piece—not unlike the pillorying of the Germans during the peace conference. The banker is the official villain; and the public's attitude toward questions of high financial policy is largely governed to-day by a vindictiveness that springs from the events of yesterday and the day before. This spirit of revenge is no doubt very human, but it tends to blind people to future consequences of present acts in a way that, to a foreign observer, seems amazing and alarming.

For instance, your income-tax-paying Englishman is amazed to find that, in most American minds, which look with favor to-day upon enormous federal loans for public works, there is no notion that these loans will have to be met one day out of taxation. When you prophesy to the American public-works enthusiasts that they will live to see the American income tax stand, like the British income tax to-day, at 25 per cent, the shaft glances painlessly off their hides. To their American minds an income tax at five shillings on the pound is still just one of the plagues of picturesque and distressful Europe and not a thing that could happen in real life to real people of flesh and blood in the land of hope and glory. So they are all for these public works to be financed by federal borrowing; and if they are Kentuckians it is the Yankee who will pay, and if they are Iowans it is the Californian.

Then, again, they have little conception that if the N.R.A. with the new industrial codes is to become a permanent institution in American life this will need a trained, and experienced, and strongly manned civil service to administer it. 'Oh, the business men will administer the codes themselves,' is the usual response of people who, almost in the same breath, are denouncing the financial capitalists. They do not understand that, in proposing to hand over the codes to the business men, they are placing their own necks in the yoke of an incomparably more oppressive industrialist domination.

Another thing which seems to escape the attention of many Americans—though there are some people on Wall Street who are maliciously pointing it out—is that the N.R.A. ultimately tends to favor Big Business against the small fry, because the small business is apt to be broken by the additional charge that is placed upon all business by the shortening of hours and the enlargement of the labor force, whereas the big business can still adjust itself to making a profit under the new conditions.

Is N.R.A. in combination with the devaluation of the dollar simply going to put down the mighty banker from his seat in order to exalt the mighty industrialist and merchant in his place? That is not what the great American public wants and not what it believes to be

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happening. But, then, who can say what strange and unintended consequences this American voyage of social discovery may bring about?

A Japanese View of Russian Recognition

THE *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, a liberal British-owned periodical published in Kobe, summarized as follows a remarkable analysis of America's recognition of the Soviet Union that appeared in *Kobe Yushin*, a local Japanese newspaper:—

Some people urge, says the local vernacular paper, that an anti-British policy should form the keynote of Japan's diplomacy, and the paper thinks it worth while to examine this view earnestly at the present time when normal relations have just been restored between America and Soviet Russia. That the Japanese Navy is ever on the alert, regarding America as Japan's potential enemy, prevents America from harboring any ambitious designs on the Far East, and thus it proves the best way to maintain friendly relations with that country. While maintaining the balance of power with America in this way, the advocates of the above-mentioned view maintain that Japan should vigorously pursue an anti-British policy.

They further contend that while Japan can hope to gain nothing from war with America, the pursuit of anti-British policy will bring her no harm. To drive Britain out of the Far East is to put Japan in a position to make a trade advance in the South China market. The laxity of imperialism in Britain induces the independence of India and reduces the Straits Settlements and Australia to a position of isolation. There is a strong possibility of Japan's pursuit of such a policy gaining the support, though not vocal, of many countries, big and small, who have hitherto regarded with discontent Britain's privileged position in international politics.

For instance, America's interests are greatly at variance with Britain's. Although she feigns friendship for Britain from the necessity of restraining the European Continental Powers, it is obvious that she is secretly anxious to see the downfall of Britain. France, Italy, Soviet Russia, Turkey, and Poland are all similarly disposed. The actual state of Britain shows that the day is not far off when the expectations of these countries will be fulfilled. Britain is steadily falling into senility. The policy of excluding Japanese goods from India and Africa, which she has vigorously been carrying out of late, is an eloquent testimony of the fact that the productive industry of Britain, which is vital to her existence, can no longer compete with that of Japan.

The *Yushin* says that anti-British policy means, in the diplomatic sense, friendship for America, France, and Soviet Russia. If Japan holds to an anti-British policy, and endeavors at the same time to cultivate economic coöperation with America and the Soviets, while not forgetting to equip herself with sufficient armaments on land and on sea to avert the possibility of their attacking this country, and further strives to promote friendship with France, Soviet Russia will surely reconsider her present hasty course of action in the Far East and begin to direct her attention to her drive toward Tibet and India. America would then be able to enjoy her control over monetary matters in Europe, free from anxiety about her relations with Japan. Japan's friendship with France will give that country a sense of relief in her future dealings with Britain, Germany, and Italy, and then that country will be able to exercise full restraining influences over Britain. The *Yushin* concludes by the remark that Japan ought to adopt a strong diplomatic policy towards Britain, a faithless, and selfish country.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

SANKT-ANTON. February 18, Slalom Race for Juveniles; *25*, International Race for Guests; *March 4*, Guest Ski Race from Galzigg to Sankt-Anton; *17–18*, Seventh Arlberg-Kandahar Ski Races.

VIENNA. March 11–18, International Fair.

Bulgaria

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 4, Commemoration of the Liberation of Bulgaria.

China

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. March 12, Commemoration of the death of Dr. Sun Yat-sen; *29*, Commemoration of the Martyrdom of the Seventy-two.

Egypt

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. March 15, Independence Day; *26*, Birthday of His Majesty, King Fuad I.

England

ABERGAVENNY. February 17, Men's Hockey: North Wales *v.* South Wales.

ALDERSHOT. February 28, Men's Hockey: Royal Navy *v.* Army.

BECKENHAM. February 17, Men's Hockey: Oxford *v.* Cambridge.

BIRKDALE. February 16, Women's Hockey: North *v.* Midlands.

BIRMINGHAM. February 19–March 2, British Industries Fair (Heavy Industries Section); *26–27*, Racing.

BOURNEMOUTH. February 18, Piano Recital by Rubenstein; *March 17*, Finish of Royal Automobile Club's International Rally; *April 30–May 5*, Hard Court Tennis Championships of Great Britain.

BRIGHTON. February 24, Piano Recital by Schnabel.

CHELTENHAM. March 6–8, National Hunt Steeplechase Meeting.

DERBY. February 19–20, Racing.

LIVERPOOL. March 23, Grand National Steeplechase.

LLANDUDNO. February 23–26, Rotary Conference.

LONDON. February 19–March 2, British Industries Fair at Olympia and White City; *20*, Flower Show at Horticultural Hall; *27–March 1*, Hunter and Thoroughbred Show at Royal Agricultural Hall; *27–March 10*, Art of the Theatre Exhibition at Architectural Association; *March 17*, Boat Race: Oxford *v.* Cambridge, from Putney to Mortlake; *April 14*, Association Football: England *v.* Scotland at Wembley; *28*, Association Football: Cup Final at Wembley.

MANCHESTER. February 23–24, Racing at Lingfield Park.

NEWBURY. February 21–22, Racing.

NORWICH. February 21–March 3, Home Exhibition.

PLYMOUTH. February 28, Madrigal Society Concert at Guildhall.

SOUTHPORT. February 24–March 24, St. Ives Artists' Exhibition.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. April 16–September 15, Shakespeare Dramatic Season.

SWANSEA. March 10, Rugby Football: Wales *v.* Ireland.

TWICKENHAM. March 3, Rugby Football: Royal Navy *v.* Army; *17*, Rugby Football: England *v.* Scotland; *24*, Rugby Football: Army *v.* Royal Air Force.

UXBRIDGE. February 21, Men's Hockey: Royal Navy *v.* Royal Air Force.

WROTHAM. February 17, Women's Hockey: East *v.* South.

Estonia

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 24, Independence Day.

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FINLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 28, Kalevala Day.

IRELAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 17, St. Patrick's Day.

DUBLIN. February 17, Racing at Baldoyle.

ITALY

FLORENCE. February 15–March 10, Course in Italian history and art for foreigners.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. April 3, Jimmu Tenno-Sai, commemorating the death of the Emperor Jimmu Tenno.

LITHUANIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 16, Independence Day.

PERSIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 15, Birthday of His Imperial Majesty, Reza Chah Pahlevi.

RUSSIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. March 8, International Women's Day; *12*, Anniversary of the Revolution of 1917 and the abdication of the Tsar.

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH. February 24, Rugby Football: Scotland *v.* Ireland.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. April 14, Commemoration of the proclamation of the Republic.

SWEDEN

STOCKHOLM. February 18–20, Congress of the International Ski League.

SWITZERLAND

ADELBODEN. February 17–18, Downhill Race; *21*, Shooting Match; *25*, Ski Race of the Ski Club; *March 11*, Ski Festival.

AROSA. February 20–22, Ski Competitions; Distance and Downhill Race; Jumping; Slalom; *March 7–8*, Ski Championships for Guests; *17–18*, Fifth Spring Ski Race; *April 2*, Easter Ski Jumping and Downhill Race.

BASEL. February 19–20, Carnival Celebrations.

BERN. February 15, International Skating Exhibition; *March 18*, Exhibition of Paintings, Plastics, and Graphics.

BIENNE. February 18–19, Carnival Celebration; *March 11*, Ski Race.

CHATEAU D'ŒX. February 25, Ski Race.

DAVOS. April 2, Easter Competition at the New Bolgen Leap.

ENGELBURG. February 18, Downhill Ski Race; *22*, Night Festival on the Ice Rink; *27*, Toboggan Race; *April 1*, Easter Ski Race at Trübsee.

GRINDELWALD. March 17–18, Ski Race; *April 6–7*, Excursion of the Ski Club.

LENZER HEIDE. February 25, Downhill Ski Races for Guests; *March 18*, Last Race of the Ski Club.

MONTANA-VERMALA. February 18, Ice Hockey Match; *March 4*, Bob and Toboggan Races.

SAAS FEE. April 2, Easter Ski Derby.

ST. MORITZ. February 19, Fifth Flying Mile on Ski; *March 3*, Skating Exhibition on the Ice Stadium.

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WITH THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

LIKE the Editor of THE LIVING AGE, in his recent series of articles, various members of our Advisory Council have been consulting their balls of crystal and communicating to the public the visions they have glimpsed of the future. Senator Arthur Capper, Republican Senator from Kansas, foresees a satisfactory session of Congress:—

'It looks to me as if President Roosevelt will have smooth sailing in the coming session. We are likely to have a noisy but not unruly session.

'I look for very little change in the emergency legislation enacted by the last Congress. In this connection let me say I shall oppose any move the effect of which is to wipe out our anti-trust laws. I doubt whether it is wise to do this even as an emergency measure; certainly it is dangerous as a permanent policy. I think the importance of the President's new policy as to silver has been exaggerated. It will be of some help to the seven silver states but will have little effect so far as any inflation programme is concerned.

'The revelations by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee as to the activities of the Wall Street stock-jobbing racketeers and international bankers have made a profound impression upon the country. There is widespread demand for action by Congress that will take the control of the country's money supply out of the hands of this crowd of about a dozen financial bandits who have been running things with such a high hand.'

JOSEPH P. DAY, one of the foremost real estate dealers in New York City and a member of our Advisory Council, looks forward to a good year:—

'It should be good for brokers from the viewpoint of a normal expectancy of commissions on sales and rentals, and it should be superlatively good for investors, operators, and speculators who have the foresight to pick up some of the bargains that are available in and around New York City to-day. Some of the best judges of real estate values have already been out—and "done their buying early." They have naturally kept rather quiet about their operations.'

LOUIS K. COMSTOCK, President of the Merchants' Association of New York, comments more guardedly on the prospects for 1934:—

'There are undoubted signs of an upturn, but whether these signs presage returning prosperity is not easy to say. Whether these evidences of better times are due primarily to the various moves of the federal government or whether they are the natural evolution from the depression is equally hard to determine. It is certain, however, that the governmental moves have altered the public psychology for the better.'

FORMER Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire frankly dislikes the look of things and contrasts 1933 with 1833, when Andrew Jackson was beginning his second term:—

'Then the national debt was in process of being completely paid off and an accumulated Treasury surplus was disbursed among the states; now the national debt is increasing despite

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a misleading system of federal bookkeeping, and such public money as is disbursed to the states is by way of complicated advances or even direct doles. Then every man fought shy of a known record of receiving public aid; to-day a place on the dole has become a post of honor. Then Webster's voice was frequently heard; now the echoes of his great doctrines are swallowed up in reverberations from the internationalists. Then the Bank of the United States was a chief target of execration; now the public service corporations possess that distinction. Then we were haggling with France regarding the spoliation claims; now we haggle with a dozen nations regarding an honest debt that they owe. Then the problem of slavery was casting its prolonged shadow over the land; now the problems of agrarian domination and labor-union supremacy confront us.'

BUT Edward A. Filene, President of William Filene's Sons Company of Boston and a member of our Advisory Council, looks forward to better times:—

'N. R. A. is here to stay and is the basis of a reasonable certainty for the coming and continuance of better times for retaining. To me the most promising indication of national recovery is the greatly increased emphasis on the necessity of adequate buying power for the masses and the fact that this emphasis is coming more and more from producers and distributors.'

RECENT additions to our Advisory Council include Charles P. Fagnani, theologian and author of Paris, France; Professor Charles H. Grandgent of Harvard University; Jay P. Graves, retired corporation executive of Spokane, Washington; Major General William S. Graves, U.S.A., retired; Paul Green, author; Sydney Greenbie, author; Arthur M. Greene, Jr., mechanical engineer; William M. Gregory, author; Nathaniel E. Griffin, author; George G. Groat, economist; Professor Edwin O. Grover of Winter Park, Florida; Professor Frederick W. Grover, physicist of Schenectady; William H. Gruen, architect of St. Louis; Dr. Clifford G. Grulee of Chicago; Carl E. Grunsky, civil engineer; Albert L. Guerard, author; Professor Carl C. Guise of Fairfield, Iowa; Richard M. Gummere, headmaster; Dr. Donald Guthrie, surgeon in chief of the Robert Packer Hospital, Sayre, Pa.; Wilfred McG. Hall, engineer of Florence, Ala.; Yandell Henderson, Professor of Applied Physiology at Yale; Archer W. Hendrick, San Francisco banker; Eldo L. Hendricks, President of State Teachers College, Warrensburg, Mo.; Professor George N. Henning of Washington, D. C.; D. C. Henny, hydraulic engineer; Frank H. Hitchcock, former Postmaster General; G. Miller Hyde of Montreal; Arthur B. Lule, Consul General of Latvia in New York; Raymond Robins, publicist; I. I. Sikorsky, aviation engineer; Lee Thompson Smith, New York corporation executive; Miss M. Carey Thomas, former President of Bryn Mawr; Frederick G. Tryon, economist; Eugene L. Vidal, Director of Aëronautics, Washington, D. C.; Max Winkler, New York corporation executive; A. W. Zelomek, economist.

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WAR AND PEACE

THE personnel of the U. S. Navy is 107,000, a 60 per cent increase on 1914 numbers. That of Japan, 88,000 in 1931, with probably a greater number to-day—in any case an increase of 74 per cent on 1914 numbers. Our personnel has been reduced to 90,300, a decrease of 35 per cent on our 1914 numbers—probably barely equal to that of Japan. For the last few years the Naval Estimates of the United States have amounted to £75,000,000 approximately. Is it possible that we, by spending £50,000,000, can be equally powerful or efficient?—*Earl Beatty, British Admiral.*

During the useless discussions at Geneva the three major naval powers diligently worked to add new warships to their fleets. Almost all nations are preparing for the expiration of the treaties with anything but intentions that would favor world peace.—*Marchese Giacomo Medici del Vascello, member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies.*

Our secession from the League was a Heaven-sent event of the international expression of the Japanese spirit. The Japanese Empire is destined to exercise its influence as a nation of gentlemen in the Far East, welding together the civilizations of Orient and Occident in one harmonious whole.—*Sadao Araki, Japanese War Minister.*

Foreigners are not aware of the real nature of Japan's formidable economic strength. They attribute the cheapness of our goods to low standards of living and fail to realize the more pertinent factors.

The Japanese mode of life is radically different from the American, but this difference cannot be measured by a yardstick. The unparalleled industry of the Japanese people, rather than low production costs, is the prime factor in Japan's commercial expansion.—*Korekiyo Takahashi, Japanese Finance Minister.*

We should like to have friendly relations with the Japanese, but unfortunately that does not depend on us alone. If more reasonable elements and more prudent counsels prevail in Japan our two countries can live in amity, but we fear that the militant faction may push saner policies into the background.

There is real danger, and we are forced to prepare ourselves to meet it because no nation can respect its government if it does not foresee the danger of attack and prepare for self-defense. It seems to me that Japan would be unwise to attack us. Her economic position is none too sound, and she has points of weakness —Korea, Manchuria, and China.—*Joseph Stalin.*

In regard to Russia, Japan has the same mingled fear and contempt that Germany had before the War. The most disturbing fact is that Russia has now a large air force, and Japan fears aircraft as she fears nothing on earth, especially since her own planes showed their capabilities for destruction at Shanghai. Curiously, the fact that Russia has signed nonaggression pacts with states on her western border is taken as evidence that she is about to attack Japan, though she asked Japan to sign a nonaggression pact with her and Japan refused.—*A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.*

Now that our new fortifications have been completed we must occupy them, and arm them, and support them from behind with powerful reserves. We must maintain our frontiers with a great power of men, and fire, and ample reserves that could enter into action at the first sign of political tension.—*Edouard Daladier, French Minister of War.*

The experience of the last eight years has only too plainly demonstrated that the strongly armed states, especially France, are unwilling to bring about an actual disarmament. Hence the fact that such countries are unwilling to disarm must regrettably be taken as a basis for further negotiations.—*Baron Constantin von Neurath, German Foreign Minister.*

If civilization is to be preserved it is essential that there shall be peace, and that is impossible so long as capitalism is allowed to exist, because of the economic rivalries that it engenders.—*Anthony Greenwood, President of the Oxford Union.*

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

Currency Committee of 1918. Ever since the War, Mr. Kitson has attacked the gold standard and the international bankers with unrelenting vigor and now stands with the few prophets of our time who have made good.

SOCIALIST and Communist sympathizers will get cold comfort from Otto C. Kühbacher's description of 'Red Berlin To-day.' Some of his interpretations may be open to doubt, but his factual report of the working-class district of Berlin, which voted Communist only a year ago, may be accepted at face value. Meanwhile, dispatches appearing in the *Daily Herald* of London insist that beneath the peaceful surface of Nazi Germany revolutionary activities continue.

JULES ROMAINS'S *Men of Good Will* has been praised by French, English, and American critics as the greatest contribution to French literature since Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*—to give both works their English titles. Two years ago we translated the author's introduction to his first two volumes, explaining the purpose of the epic as a whole, and to-day the editor of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* interviews M. Romains just as Volumes V and VI are being published. In the course of this interview we are told something about the ground that M. Romains has covered up to now and more about his methods of work.

CHARLES BRAIBANT has just been awarded the Prix Théophraste-Renaudot for his *Le Roi dort*, which is reviewed in our 'Books Abroad' department. He also came within an ace of nosing out André Malraux for the Prix Goncourt. 'A Case of Conscience' is his latest short story and introduces to American readers a new French writer with an unusual bent for irony, occultism, and realism.

IF ONE were to draw up a list of the six living writers who are surest of immortality, Knut Hamsun's name could hardly be ignored, for he stands with Hauptmann, Gorki, d'Annunzio, Thomas Mann, and Valéry as one of the great Europeans of our time. Yet amazingly little is known about his personality. Our two articles—one by a visitor to his home, the other an exchange of letters between Hamsun and a group of Russian writers—throw some new light on this mysterious genius. From the first, one gathers that Hamsun reveals himself only to simple folk with whom his secrets will be safe. From the second, one gleans that he cherishes an unexpected admiration for the Soviet Union.

TWO months ago a short article on Stalin in our 'Persons and Personages' department was reproduced in part by *Time* as a new and important revelation of Russian policy. This month 'Men around Stalin,' translated from the same source, tells something about the men who are helping the Secretary of the Russian Communist Party to administer their country's affairs.

ANDRÉ MALRAUX'S *La Condition humaine*, which has just won the Prix Goncourt in France, was reviewed last summer in our columns in a full-length article. We are following this up with an account of Malraux by Léon Pierre-Quint, author of the best book yet written about Proust.

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THE LIVING AGE

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The World in Review

In This Number:

Money or Machines? — *The Editor*

Oil from Coal — *J. L. Garvin*

Conversation with a Peasant — *Lucien Romier*

Russia's New Foreign Policy — *Nikolaus Basseches*

A Nazi to Roosevelt — *Hellmuth Magers*

The Case for Social Credit — *Major C. H. Douglas*

The Reverend Mr. Lewis — *Luis Felipe Rodríguez*

Korea Speaks — *Kasimir Edschmid*

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'Looking Forward'

THE title of President Roosevelt's book on the New Deal exactly describes the traditional attitude of THE LIVING AGE. And it is becoming increasingly important to interpret to-day's events in such a way as to anticipate to-morrow's.

The current issue is a case in point. From the editor's prognostications on money to Harold Ward's 'The Sciences and Society,' the magazine is packed with precise facts and revealing interpretations.

J. L. Garvin, editor of the Conservative London *Observer*, praises the National Government for encouraging the applied sciences by subsidizing a new process to extract oil from coal. An engineer long familiar with Russia describes the great petroleum offensive that the Soviets are preparing and a Moscow correspondent of thirteen years' residence analyzes the Kremlin's new foreign policy.

Nor is the human equation ignored. In 'Farewell to France' a German journalist who first came to Paris at the turn of the century shows that France still has warm friends across the Rhine, and in 'Hitler's Salad Days' a man who knew 'Handsome Adolf' in the early 'twenties relates some amusing reminiscences.

Literature and the Orient figure equally in 'Light out of Asia.' Here are extended reviews of two novels on the Far East, one by André Malraux and the other by a young Korean. Even Cuba, which has shot into the headlines as we go to press, is represented by a short story about a British missionary on a sugar plantation.

Finally, in our 'Books Abroad' department, a passionate review of *Cry Havoc* by Beverley Nichols gives a timely warning of what the ever-present danger of war would mean if it ever materialized. Because every issue of THE LIVING AGE contains material of this kind we claim that we tell our readers more about the future of America and of the world at large than any other periodical in any language.

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